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"FANNY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. VON BROECKER.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

That Almack's should be advertised to be sold by auction, even under its modern title of Willis's Rooms, will be a shock to the survivors of that fashionable world of which it was once the centre. To have been presented at Almack's was at one time a far greater distinction than to be presented at Court. All the society novels of the time have a chapter or two devoted to it. Yet, as Thackeray describes a female leader of fashion as being neither young nor beautiful, nor rich, nor well born, nor agreeable, nor anything at all, but simply the great lady of the day, it is difficult to discover why this place had such a pre-eminence. It was founded by one McCall, who, "conceiving his unclassical name might be a bar to its success, transformed it to Almack's," which sounds no better. The balls were held every Wednesday, and, though the price of admission seems now to us absurdly low, the entrée, which could only be obtained from one of the "lady patronesses," was by no means easy. Before Brooke's Club House was built, the members used to meet at Almack's, where a regular account was kept of the sums won and lost at play, and also a wager-book, the contents of which have now become interesting: "On June 4, 1774, Lord Northington bets Mr. Charles Fox that he (Mr. C. F.) is not called to the Bar before this day four years." "March 11, 1775, Lord Bolingbroke gives a guinea to Mr. Charles Fox, and is to receive a thousand from him whenever the debt of this country amounts to one hundred and seventy-one millions. Mr. Fox is not to pay the thousand guineas till he is one of his Majesty's Cabinet."

"Almack's, Aug. 7, 1792.—Mr. Sheridan bets Lord Lauderdale and Lord Thanet 25 guineas each that Parliament will not consent to any more lotteries after the present one, to be drawn in February next." Some of the wagers seem to have been slightly personal: "March 11, 1774.—Lord Clermont has given Mr. Crawford 10 guineas, on the condition of receiving £500 from him whenever Mr. Charles Fox shall be worth £100,000, clear of debt." There are also some queer entries, which, if read out at Almack's, even in that age of no great refinement, would have caused considerable sensation.

An anonymous writer, whose Roman (or classical) hand I venture to think I recognise, has been telling the lovers of literature that "they cannot expect to convert humanity to their pale reflective delights and imaginative enjoyments." Books, he says, are not found by the world at large to be entertaining. The noble libraries of our London clubs are empty, and in the country "nobody reads." This is surely far too sweeping. There are only one or two clubs, it is true, that are used for reading purposes, but that some read there is certain, because (confound them!) they hide their favourite volumes in nooks and corners, to-day, in order to know where to lay their hands on them when they return to-morrow. Your true reader reads (in his slippers) at home. As for the country, when it is raining, what *can* people do but read there? It is not every mansion that has more than one billiard table. You can't always get up a rubber at whist even on a wet morning. It is my own experience, indeed, that men and women read much more out of town than in it, not, perhaps, from the love of letters, but because they are driven to it. Here and there you may find a foxhunter who never opens a book, but this genus is getting rarer and rarer; and, on the other hand, to restore the average, among classes where you would least expect to find them, there are students of Herbert Spencer and Spinoza. It is, indeed, I suspect, that because *this* class of readers, or an analogous one, which flatters itself it understands the "Agamemnon," is so small, that our classical friend is thus moved to wonder and to pity. There are readers enough, but they don't read the right books—his books; not, of course, those he writes (pray let us have no personalities), but those he wants them to read. There is nothing makes me "larf" (as poor A. W. used to spell it, when greatly tickled) so much as these bewailings of the Cultured over the tendency of the public at large to choose their own books for themselves. It is deplorable, of course, from a high point of view, but the truth is, the vast majority of the human race prefer dramatic interest and amusement to what scholars and students term the improvement of the mind. Instead of tackling the "Hundred Books" which would "teach them to educate themselves," and might eventually lead to their all becoming philosophers, they will persist in reading things out of the programme. They don't, like Mrs. Sarah Battle, unbend their minds over a book, because their minds are not in that state of tension which requires relaxation; they read it because they like it. A miserable motive, indeed, but not, in the present degraded condition of the human mind, an unnatural one. It is an abuse of terms (as well as of persons) to say "the world at large does not read at all." It reads immensely. Its reading may be superficial. It doesn't dive, but, on the other hand, it doesn't drown; it refuses to venture out of its depth; it wisely prefers to be under fire (from our classical friend) than to be under water.

If you have friends in the Guildford Union Workhouse, you must not address your letters to them with the prefix Mr., Mrs., or Miss; so its officials, in their wisdom and the plenitude of their power, have decided. If the inmates have any higher titles ("the Marchioness," by-the-bye, I think, came to Miss Brass, in spite of her supposed relationship to her, from the workhouse) they are, no doubt, suppressed with the same iron hand; the master is instructed to run his pen through them. This perhaps arises from the fear that to be called Mr. or Mrs. may cause these poor folk to draw too proud a breath; to become high and haughty, as we have it upon the authority of Mr. Bumble that Oliver Twist became through being given scraps of meat from his master's table. Nevertheless, it does appear to the outsider that this little

vestige of respect to the fallen and the friendless might have been permitted; to thus deny it strikes one as a little like breaking the bruised reed. There is something in the atmosphere of a workhouse that seems to harden its officials; socially, the effect is bad; one wonders whether any scientific use can be made of it, in the manufactory, for example, of the nether millstone.

A susceptible young gentleman in a House of Detention has fallen in love with two of his nurses. He describes his feelings as having begun with friendship and ripened into the strongest affection. He declines to make a choice between them on the same ground that the undergraduate refused to name the greater and the lesser Prophets, because it would be "invidious." In vain the magistrate, to whom he has applied for an order for both the ladies to leave the institution, explains to him that he is asking too much by half. He is not "torn by conflicting emotions," like people in novels, but knows exactly what he wants, which is both of them. Curiously enough, however, there seems to be a doubt as to the existence of both beloved objects. The young gentleman has suffered from illusions (as, indeed, who of us has not?), and it is suggested that his vision is occasionally duplex. His case has no parallel in real life, but something analogous to it has been described in poetry. François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix (the gay black Mousquetaire) laboured, it will be remembered, under the same mistake. He was in a House of Detention (a hospital); he was attended by a charming nurse; and then, all of a sudden, he beheld her counterpart sitting on the other side of his bed:—

Then shrieked with a wild and unearthly halloo,  
"Mon Dieu! voilà deux!"  
By the Pope, there are two!"  
And so ended his earthly career. Malheureux!

The phonograph is an instrument much more often talked about than into. In all England it is said that there are only four of them, though, years ago, we were led to suppose that every "articulate speaking" man would be supplied with one. In Mexico, it appears, matters are different, since a phonograph is to be placed in every post-office there for the use of those citizens who cannot read or write. The effect of this scientific advance will probably be to retard education. On the other hand, if Mexicans can be shy, they will probably feel some embarrassment at the publicity that will be thus given to their *billets-doux*. Even a telegram brought by a commissionaire to a post-office sometimes affords a good deal of amusement to the employés during the process of elucidation, and a telegram is never so fraught with tenderness as a letter. In a phonograph they would get every sigh.

M. Zola, I read, still keeps his mind fixed upon, entering the French Academy. If the same ordeal has to be passed as used to be the case with candidates for that august institution, it must be a trying one to most authors; for it was enacted that "they should respectively produce copies of all the works to which they had given birth." All! just think of it! "What courage! what a memory!" It is unusual even for men of genius to leap into the world of letters, like Minerva, armed at all points. Most of them begin with "juvenile productions," with which they are first enamoured, and afterwards exceedingly dissatisfied. To be obliged to resuscitate what they had hoped was long forgotten, and present them to the notice of their rivals, must be a very sad business. Of course they have never written anything worthless, but still some things are better (or worse) than others. Byron did not, in later life, much plume himself upon his "Hours of Idleness." A pilgrimage for this purpose among the second-hand booksellers—nay, even, as Montaigne calls them, "those confounded trunk-makers who have no compassion"—after one's own early efforts at composition, must be a punishment indeed. A French poet, who, though not a very good one, thought himself good enough for the Academy, has given us an experience of it. On a book-stall, huddled among pamphlets and cookery books, he finds the lost volume—his own "fugitive" work—of which he is in search. Mortifying spectacle as it is, what follows is still more humiliating. "What is the price of these poems?" he inquires. "Sixpence." He would much rather have heard the man say "a guinea." Transported with rage and wounded vanity, he exclaims: "My good man, do you know what you are selling at that price?" "Oh! yes," returned the bookseller, quite mistaking the cause of his indignation. "I am well aware that the verses are not over and above clever, but, then, the paper is worth fourpence."

Some time ago I had the satisfaction in these "Notes" of pointing out how the nuisance of a noise next door can be done away with. A police magistrate cannot always help you, because actual injury to health has to be shown; but the county court, where only proof of interference with reasonable comfort need be given, at once affords relief by granting an injunction. This has just been done in the case of a gentleman persecuted by a parrot. He was an editor, and used to parrot cries, but not to screeches; his correspondents no doubt repeated themselves, but not aloud: and he couldn't stand the bird. The screech of a parrot in "the startled ear of night" is, indeed, appalling. It knows what it is doing, and takes a malignant pleasure in it. "By Jingo," it says to itself, "I'll make 'em sit up" (in their beds), and it does so. The parrot has a fiendish intelligence, and in the case in question this bird remained carefully mute—not of malice, but of prudence—during the whole proceedings in court. It might have been a love-bird, but for the evidence. There is no creature, except the horse, which tempts its owner to lie so stoutly as the parrot, and everyone connected with it (again like the horse) is tarred more or less with the same brush. The things people have heard their parrots, and even the parrots of others, say, would do credit to a philosopher. For my part, I have only heard them swear, which they do, it must be confessed, with the greatest gusto: it is then, indeed, that they seem to know what they are talking about.

It is nearly a hundred years ago since Colonel Kelly's famous parrot died in her lodgings in Half Moon-street. No one, if we are to trust the testimony of her master, ever regretted being next door to her, for she sang divinely: "so accurate was her judgement, that, if, by chance, she mistook a note, she would revert to the bar (though still keeping on her perch) where the mistake was made, and correct herself." She could not only talk, of course, like a Christian, and better than most, but "answer questions put to her." This is, of course, the crux of the matter. We only know for certain that her master gave a hundred guineas for her, and after thirty years of her society refused five hundred. How many men can say the like of their featherless companions? Still one cannot help thinking that the gallant Colonel was a liar.

Locke, in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," has something to say about that of the parrot. One was brought to Prince Maurice, hundreds of miles, in order to converse with him. The bird spoke only Brazilian, and the Prince Dutch; but they had both sworn interpreters. The bird, of course, swore like a trooper; but in the intervals there was a good deal of talk. "What a lot of white men are here!" was its first remark (very suspiciously like "What a d—d lot of parrots!" by-the-by, an observation with which we are all familiar in our "Anecdotes of Instinct"). On their asking it who the Prince is, it answers, not very respectfully, "Some General or another"—a class very common in Brazil, both then and since. Eventually, it is asked what is its profession, and replies, "I look after chickens." "You," says the Prince—"you look after the chickens?" "Yes, I do," it answers indignantly, "and I know well enough how to do it. Cluck! cluck! cluck!"—making an excellent imitation of a hen collecting her young. The whole story shows the demoralisation of character caused by any connection with this class of birds; for, though it would be unjust to suppose that Mr. Locke quoted it from a man he suspected of lying, he was, at all events, well aware that he was an historian.

## THE NEW DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

The Very Rev. Edward Craig Maclure, Vicar of Rochdale and Canon and Archdeacon of Manchester, who has been appointed Dean of Manchester, in the room of the late Very Rev. John Oakley, is the elder brother of Mr. J. W. Maclure, M.P. He was educated at Manchester, and graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford. After occupying curacies at St. John's, Ladywood, Birmingham, and St. Pancras, London, he became Vicar of Burnley in 1863, and held that position fourteen years. On the death of the Rev. Dr. Molesworth, in 1877, Mr. Maclure was appointed Vicar of Rochdale, and in 1878 became Honorary Canon of Manchester and Rural Dean of Rochdale. In 1888 he was one of the honorary secretaries of the Church Congress in Manchester as well as to the Diocesan Conference and Board of Education and the Training College at Warrington.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. J. Russell and Sons, of Baker-street.

## THE LATE SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR, BART.

The Court Circular has testified her Majesty's personal regret for the death of General Sir Francis Seymour, Bart., who, on account of ill-health, lately resigned the position of Master of the Ceremonies in the Queen's Household, having held that post fourteen years. He was mentioned in our Obituary last week. In 1839 he accompanied the late Prince Consort in a tour through Italy and Switzerland, and was Groom-in-Waiting to his Royal Highness until the Prince Consort's death, in December 1861. He was then appointed Master of the Ceremonies and an extra Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen. He served throughout the Crimean War, and succeeded to the command of the Scots Guards at Inkermann. In 1869 he was created a Baronet, and from 1871 to 1874 commanded the forces at Malta.

## H. M. S. LATONA.

The Latona, built for the Admiralty at Barrow by the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, is one of the new type of protected cruisers, and is of the following dimensions: 300 ft. long, 43 ft. beam, 22 ft. 9 in. moulded depth, having a displacement of 3400 tons or a mean draught of 16 ft. 6 in. Externally the vessel has a very smart appearance, having two funnels and two pole masts, with a light fore-and-aft rig. The hull throughout is built of steel, the stern, sternpost, propeller brackets, and rudder being of cast steel. The propelling machinery consists of two sets of triple expansion engines, with cylinders 33½ in., 49 in., and 74 in. in diameter by 39 in. stroke, capable of developing over 9000 indicated horse-power. A distinctive feature of this vessel is a steel protective deck extending fore and aft, the forward part running down with a long sweep to the ram, of which it forms a part. The transverse section of this deck is in the form of a flat arch, the crown of which rises about one foot above the water-line at the centre of the vessel, and slopes down towards the sides to 4 ft. below the load line. On the sloping part the average thickness is 2 in., with a thickness of 1 in. on the crown. Under the protective deck are the engines and boilers, magazines, steering gear, and other vital parts of the ship. The upper parts of the vertical engines are protected by a belt of 5-in. steel armour with 7 in. of teak backing round the engine hatchway between the protective and upper decks. The armament consists of two 6-in. breechloading central pivot guns, one on the poop, another on the fore-castle; six quick-firing 4.7 in. central pivot guns, three on each broadside; eight quick-firing 6-pounder guns, one 3-pounder Hotchkiss and four five-barrel Nordenfelters. A 9-pounder gun for boat and field purposes is secured on deck, and there are four torpedo tubes.

By her Majesty's command the Braemar Gathering is to be held at Balmoral on Thursday, Sept. 4.

Earl Stanhope, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Kent, presided at the summer festival of the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley, and Countess Stanhope distributed the annual prizes.—Sir John Colomb, M.P., distributed the prizes to the boys of Brentwood Industrial School.

Princess Louise presided at a successful drawing-room meeting, held at Kensington Palace, on July 18, on behalf of the Kensington District Nursing Association. It was announced that the Kensington association had recently become affiliated to the Queen's Institute "for training district nurses for the sick poor."



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The brilliantly successful revival of Shakspeare's pastoral play "As You Like It," by the American company of comedians, under the able directorship of Mr. Augustin Daly, could not have come at a better time. Facts—strong, potent, unanswerable facts—are worth a score of frothy arguments. The opponents of the wholesale "actor-manager" system only wanted facts to prove their case. The discussion was getting tedious: it was pushed so strongly home by interested people, like Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Charles Wyndham, that it became almost impossible to answer them without resorting to personalities. If it be true that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, it is equally true that the owners of glass houses, when attacked with stones, should not throw them back again. As Mr. Archer has already very clearly pointed out, no one was foolish enough to suggest the utter rout and annihilation of the actor-managers. They are very good fellows in their way, and no doubt do a vast amount of good, and, as to their unselfishness, that, according to their own account, is phenomenal. Some of the actors and actresses, by the way, who have served under them do not always indorse what they say of themselves. But of that, no matter. The King can do no wrong, in his own estimation. But, on the other hand, it was silly to pooh-pooh the discussion as childish and futile; it was a little injudicious to call Mr. Oswald Crawford hard names, and to tell him politely that he did not know what he was talking about; since, within a very few weeks of the starting of the discussion, up starts a non-actor-manager to prove the exact truth of what was alleged—to show cause, as it were, why, in some instances, an independent director is possibly the very best thing for the art in which he is interested. Now, Mr. Augustin Daly is not an actor at all. He is a man of letters, a Shakspearean student, a collector and maker of valuable books; he was once a very eminent dramatic critic, and, strange to say, to all these gifts he adds a very excellent business head. We have already seen what Mr. Daly can do with his company to perfect and harmonise the lights and shades in modern eccentric comedy, and now, for the second time, we can see his singular power in working the round pegs into the round holes.

Quite apart from such brilliant instances of ideal representation as the Rosalind of Miss Ada Rehan, the impression left on the mind by the last Shakspearean revival at the Lyceum is one of evenness, consistency, and general harmony. Each does his best from his or her point of view, and each is allowed to do the best, which is a very different matter. The Orlando does not dream of complaining because Jacques has some very fine speeches to deliver, and delivers them extremely well. The Jaques does not sulk because the First Lord is allowed the lines that Shakspeare wrote for him. Rosalind does not pout because in certain scenes Celia is the prominent character. Dresses are not altered to suit the whim of the manageress or the wife of the manager. There is no jealousy as to who should spout in the middle and who at the side of the stage. The director, not being an actor, does not buttonhole a rival artist, and suggest that he should speak his lines inaudibly, in order that he, the actor-manager, shall have the pull. No; the play is the very first consideration, and the players have to fall into the general scheme of presenting it. No doubt I shall be told that such things as I have hinted at never exist; that the leading actor—starred on the bills—is only too glad when his nose is put out of joint; that the leading actress and manageress is only too happy when a rival wears a prettier dress than her own—in fact, that the world behind the scenes is a Bohemian Utopia such as is never dreamed of by the outside world. If so, the giants who have gone before, the Keans and Macreadys of other days, have been grossly maligned. At any rate, the danger is prevented by the acquisition of a director so firm, and withal so intelligent, as Mr. Augustin Daly.

It takes a very wise man to lead clever people. The success of "As You Like It" is not secured by tyranny or autocracy, but by the firm lead of an artistic commonwealth. And we have a right to look at the result. When, through a long course of years, have we seen Shakspeare so accurately represented, and still so delightfully played? Take the mere music, for instance, which is allowed so prettily to blend with the pastoral fancy. It is not plastered on, as occurs so very often at home, but it arises naturally out of the scene. No doubt Miss Ada Rehan could warble the Cuckoo song as well as most modern Rosalinds, but, as the Cuckoo song has nothing on earth to do with the play, why, out it goes! and a very good riddance too. Again, take the elocution. As for the accent, that to me is almost immaterial, and in no case is it very pronounced. When Fechter played Hamlet with a very decided accent, it did not distress me in the least. I enjoyed his Hamlet much more than other Hamlets I had heard speak the text in their own native tongue. Indeed, for my own part, I preferred the Frenchman. But, accent apart, is Shakspeare often so well and intelligently spoken on our own stage as by these American comedians? Not only do they speak the text correctly, but they all appear to understand it—dear me! the Rosalinds and Orlandos that I have heard speak, not to put it profanely—well, no matter! Now, is it not possible that this harmonious elocution springs first from the higher education of the actor; next, from the governing hand of a man of culture? There must be something in all this more than meets the eye. "As You Like It" is no stranger to the stage. It is played as often, if not oftener, than any other Shakspearean play. It has only just been revived, and cost a mint of money at two important West-End theatres, and yet critics, and the general audience alike, unite in pronouncing it something very much out of the common. For the first time, when we hear the text we seem to understand it. Oxford and Cambridge graduates have spoken Shakspeare for us, but they have not been able to bring out the beauty of the text or the loveliness of the pastoral so well as these hitherto despised American players.

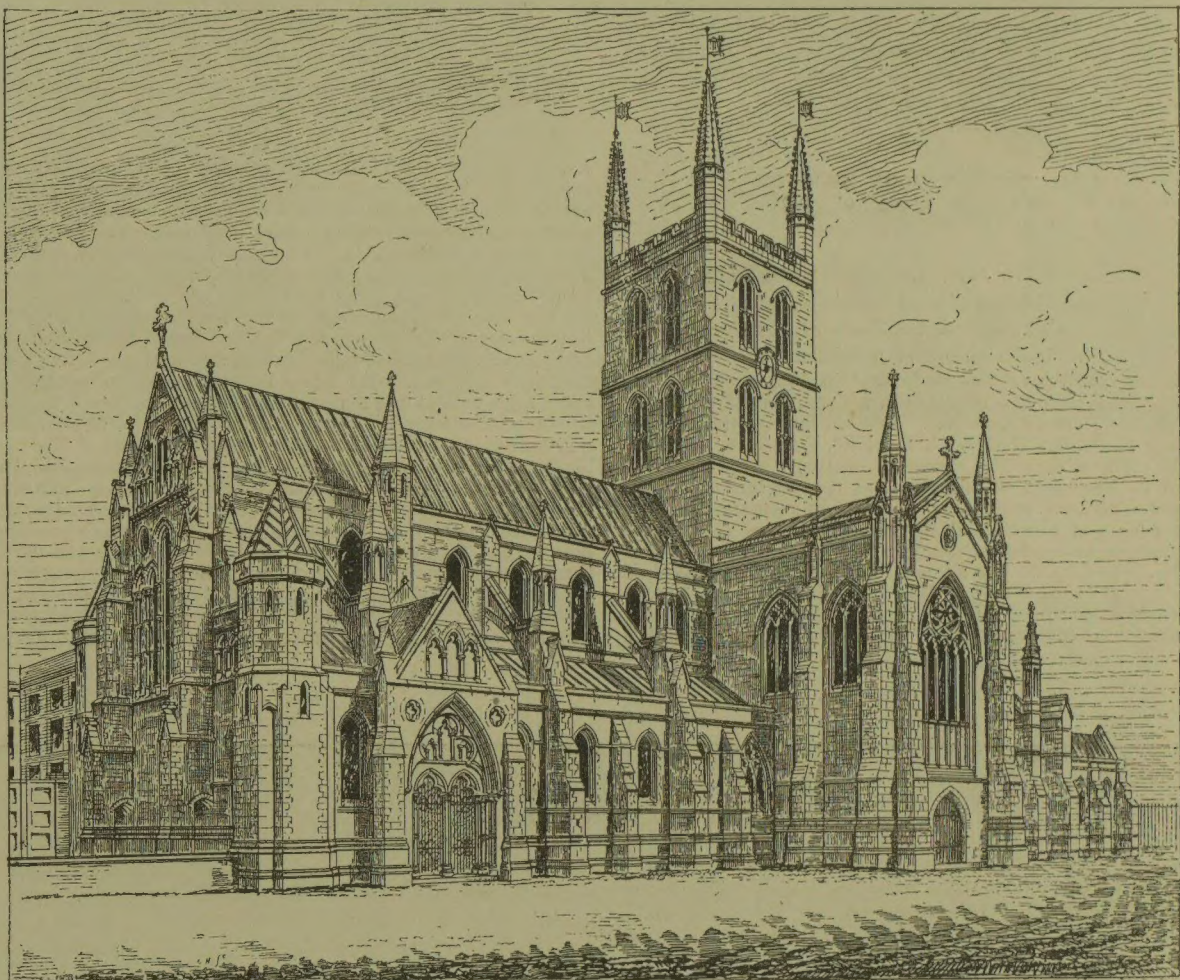
Is it not the solemn fact that our recent visitors think less about themselves than the character they are called on to personate? They are not content with making themselves pretty and posing for the photographer's window. Orlando is a man first, a picture afterwards. He wrestles like a man; he acts like a man; he talks like a man. He is a woman's hero—not a popinjay. He is a virile creature—not a *petit maître*. We commend this earnest, sturdy, muscular view of Orlando to the young gentlemen who have degenerated and emasculated him until he is on the same moral and pictorial level as a burlesque prince. Mr. John Drew has done good to our stage by showing us what a man Orlando can become when treated by a conscientious artist. He thinks more of his heavenly Rosalind than of the fit of his silk tights or the curl of his essenced hair. He is not a boarding-school girl's man, but a woman's man; and Rosalind is no photographic picture, but a very woman. Miss Ada Rehan's Rosalind will not suit the ramping and raging egotists who despise the ideal and who cry aloud from the housetops, "The majority is always wrong." It is an enchanting performance, in the very spirit of Shakspeare, handsome, lovable, sprightly, proud when pride is needed,

charged with fun where humour is admissible, variable and changeable like the woman the actress so brilliantly personates. "From gay to grave, from lively to severe"—we have it all in Miss Rehan's Rosalind, who is never for five minutes the same creature or in the same mood. At the Court she is proud as any duchess; in the forest she is wilful as any schoolgirl; in her masquerading she has the true spirit of mischief; in her pathos she can draw tears from hardened eyes; and not even in the clasp epilogue does she condescend to the tricks of the actress. It is a Rosalind to be seen, a Rosalind to win an abiding place in the memory, a Rosalind whose genius has instantaneously aroused the slumbering taste for all that is artistic, ennobling, and beautiful. We have slept so long that it is well to be awakened in this wholesome fashion. Otherwise we might have accepted our clever artists wholly at their own valuation, and not our own. Among the clever performances in this noteworthy revival were the Touchstone of Mr. James Lewis, the Celia of Miss Adelaide Prince, the Jaques of Mr. George Clarke, the banished Duke of Mr. Wheatleigh, and the old Adam of Mr. Charles Fisher. "As You Like It" has proved so successful that the rest of the farcical comedies are indefinitely postponed. For once, Shakspeare does not spell ruin; and he never does when properly and intelligently handled. There is a vast difference between a Chatterton and a Daly version of Shakspeare.

C. S.

## ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.

There is no doubt that a church of some kind existed on the site of St. Saviour's, Southwark, from a very early date; but there is no authentic or reliable record of any such building until the reign of Henry I., when, in the year 1106, two Norman Knights, William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncey, renewed the foundation of the Priory of "St. Mary Overie," and, with the assistance of Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, began a church, which was probably never finished, but of



PROPOSED RESTORATION IN ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK: FOUNDATION-STONE LAID BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, JULY 24.

which some traces still remain. The Priory and a great part of Southwark were burned in the year 1207; and it was probably soon after this that the reconstruction of the church was begun by Peter de Rupibus (or De la Roche), Bishop of Winchester from 1205 to 1243, who also founded the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, on the south side of the choir, afterwards, until the Dissolution, used by the inhabitants as a parish church. This chapel, after many changes, was finally destroyed in the early part of this century.

The nave of the great church was the part first undertaken after the fire; the choir, the choir aisles, and retro-choir, now incorrectly called the Lady Chapel, are somewhat later in date, and more refined in detail than the work of the nave. The transepts were not begun until much later, and remained long unfinished. The Central Tower was only carried just above the roofs, and so remained for several generations.

Considerable damage was done to the structure in the reign of Richard II., but this was principally confined to the nave, and the injury was at once repaired in the style prevalent at that date, the Early Perpendicular. In 1469, probably owing to the removal of some flying buttresses at the time of the above-mentioned works, the early English stone-groined ceiling of the nave fell in, and was shortly afterwards replaced by a groined ceiling in oak, of entirely different design, but very good of its kind. The old roof of the north transept (removed about 1830) was similar, and probably that of the south transept also; but of this last no record exists. No further works of importance appear to have been undertaken until the episcopate of Bishop Fox (Bishop of Winchester 1520-28), when the tower was at length completed, considerable alterations were made at the west end of the nave, and, finally, the beautiful reredos was erected at the east end of the choir. With this, the mediæval architectural history of "St. Mary Overie" comes to an end.

Not many years later, in 1540, the Priory and church were surrendered to the King by the Prior, Bartholomew Linstede, or Fowle, who retired on a pension of £100 a year, and a house rent free. The church would now, no doubt, have speedily disappeared, but that the parishioners of the united parishes of St. Margaret and St. Mary Magdalene, Southwark, were allowed, on petition, to purchase it from the King; and thenceforth it became the parish church of the united parishes, under the new title of "St. Saviour's, Southwark."

From that date onwards the fabric has been subjected to many indignities, and has undergone many disfigurements, although considerable sums of money have been expended from time to time on repairs and so-called improvements. In 1818 the repairs of the tower, which had got into a very dangerous condition, were taken in hand, and were admirably executed, under the care of the late Mr. George Gwilt, who, a few years later, restored the so-called Lady Chapel, and subsequently the choir, with equal skill and judgment, although he was not always left at liberty to carry out the work according to his own wishes. In 1830 the transepts were restored, in a much less satisfactory manner, by Mr. Robert Wallace. The groined ceilings were executed in lath and plaster, and the angle shafts, from which the groining ribs spring, were made of cast-iron pipes, in two cases utilised as stove flues.

Meanwhile, the old nave had been gradually getting into a state of great dilapidation and decay, the roof especially being pronounced to be in a dangerous condition. From the reports of careful examinations made at the time, there can be no doubt that judicious repairs might have been carried out which would have preserved to us this portion of the building, as the choir, with its aisles, had been saved by Mr. Gwilt. But the parish authorities of that day thought differently. In 1831 they removed the roof altogether, and left the building exposed to wind and weather for seven years, when it was finally taken down to be replaced by the present structure. The first stone of this was laid on July 26, 1839. It was said at the time that it was to "be built in the pure Gothic style, and to resemble the old structure as nearly as possible." How little, in the result, either of these promises was realised is a matter of public notoriety; but, were the architectural character and detail as good as possible, the fact of the floor being raised 7 feet 6 inches above that of the eastern portion of the church would make it quite impossible to utilise it in connection with the choir and transepts. Its demolition was therefore a foregone conclusion, if the church was ever again to be used as a whole.

The original foundations of the nave and aisles, and certain portions of the old walls, still exist under the present structure; and it is hoped that a considerable part, if not the whole, of these may be preserved and utilised in the work which is now about to be begun. The plan of the new building is thus, to a great extent, definitely settled. No attempt will be made to reproduce the old church as it existed before 1831, with the history of its successive changes marked by the various styles it then exhibited; but something will be produced adhering to the more ancient lines, and thoroughly in harmony with the beautiful work of the choir. The architect of the new work is Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A.

A very full account of the church and its contents, with all the historical associations which cluster round it, the whole beautifully illustrated, was published in 1881 by Mr. F. T. Dollman, from which we have taken the foregoing descriptive notes. The Prince of Wales, on July 24, laid the first stone of the building for the proposed restorations, which are of great architectural interest.

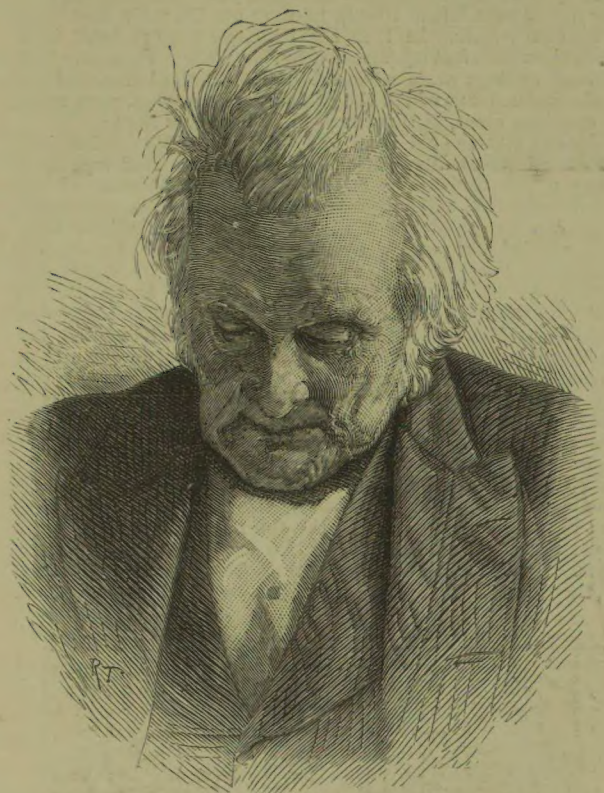
The Rev. Dr. Moulton was elected President of the Wesleyan Conference, which opened at Bristol on July 22.

Sir John Lubbock has been elected to the Chairmanship of the London County Council, vacated by the resignation of Lord Rosebery.

A four-days conference of those interested in the education of the blind was opened on July 22 at the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood. Mrs. Fawcett and the Bishop of London presided over the two meetings held. Papers on subjects affecting the blind were read and discussed.

The text of the Census Bills for England and Wales has been issued. It provides for the taking of the Census on Sunday, April 5, 1891, and directs that every registrar of births and deaths shall divide his sub-districts into enumerators' divisions, and shall recommend to his superintendent registrar persons to act as enumerators. Separate Bills for taking the Census in Scotland and Ireland on the same day have also been issued. In Ireland the Census is to be taken by the Dublin police and the Royal Irish Constabulary, and in addition to the questions to be answered in England and Scotland persons are required to state their religious profession.





THE LATE MR. JOHN CLAYTON,  
OF CHESTERS, NORTHUMBERLAND.

#### THE LATE MR. JOHN CLAYTON.

This gentleman, who died at the venerable age of ninety-eight, on July 14, at his residence on the banks of the North Tyne, Chesters Park, Chollerford, near Hexham, was formerly a practising solicitor at Newcastle, and in 1822 succeeded his father in the office of Town Clerk, which he held till 1867. He was also Clerk of the Peace. The old family, that of the Claytons of Clayton Hall, High Hoyland, Yorkshire, had held a good position since the sixteenth century; a branch of it settled in Newcastle as merchants at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and more than one of its members obtained the dignities of Sheriff and Mayor; others were clergymen, barristers, or successful attorneys. The elder brother of the late Mr. John Clayton was a schoolfellow of Byron and Peel at Harrow, and is mentioned in the poet's journal as a boy of remarkable talent for learning, "certainly a genius." John Clayton was educated at Uppingham Grammar School,



THE LATE GENERAL SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR, BART., K.C.B.

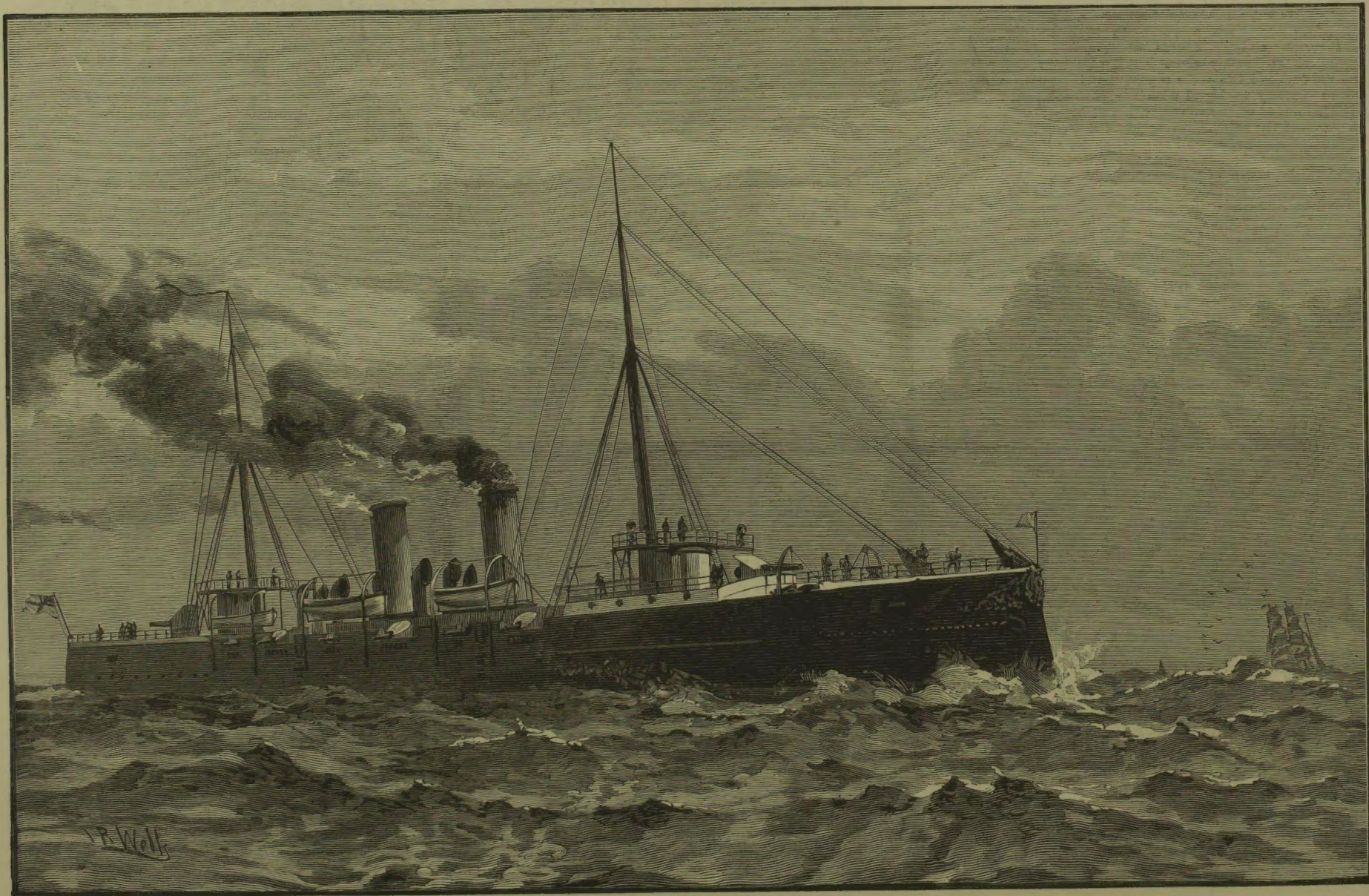
and became a good classical scholar. His long business career in Newcastle as a professional man and legal officer of the Municipal Corporation was associated with many great public works of local usefulness; the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, the Newcastle Cattle Market, and the Tyne Conservancy being the most important. He was Clerk and Treasurer to the Tyne Commissioners from 1850 to 1873. He also lent much assistance to the large street and building improvements carried out by Mr. Grainger. In politics Mr. Clayton was a steadfast Conservative, and took an active part in county elections. But when he had leisure to indulge his taste for classical and historical antiquities, his ownership of the Chesters estate, containing the site of the great Roman military station of Cilurnum, rendered the Great Wall of Hadrian his favourite subject of examination. While it is the Rev. Dr. Collingwood Bruce, of Newcastle, whose literary industry has produced the standard book of description and antiquarian disquisition upon that interesting topic, Mr. Clayton's personal labours, and his liberal expenditure for the purpose, continued through many years, did more than anything for topographical exploration, for the identification of sites, the excavation of ruins, and the preservation of architectural relics and fragments of sculpture. He purchased, at every opportunity, the



THE VERY REV. E. C. MACLURE,  
THE NEW DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

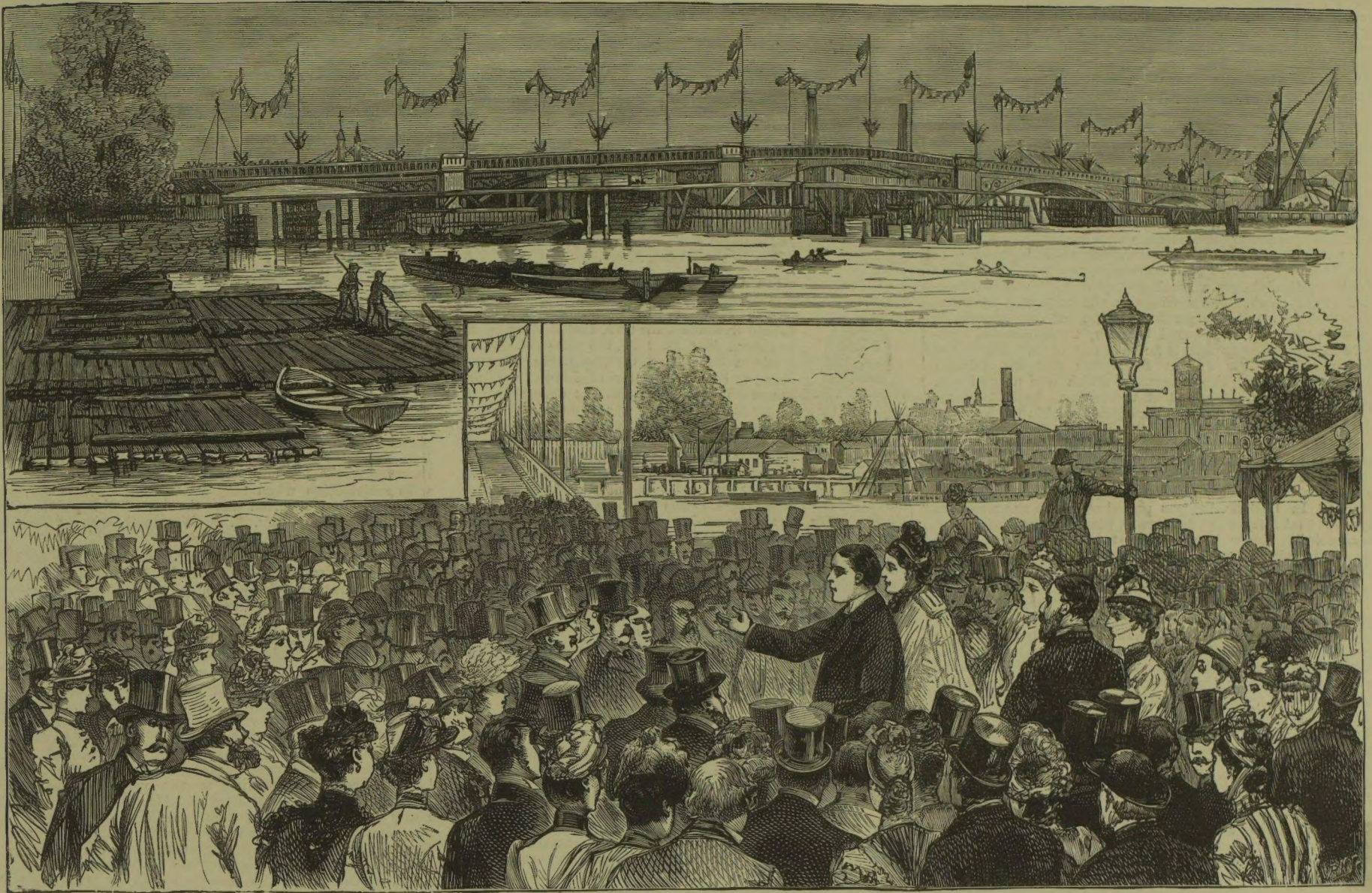
pieces of land, for many miles along the existing portion of the Roman Wall, containing remains of the several fortified military towns, which were Cilurnum, Procolitia, Borcovicus, Vindolana, and Magna, in the middle portion of that stupendous rampart, and the intermediate turrets or guard-houses at intervals of a Roman mile. No one who has visited the ruins of Borcovicus, at a place now called "Housesteads," on the moors above Haltwhistle, or those of Cilurnum, in Mr. Clayton's own park at Chesters, and of the Roman bridge at Chollerford, will fail to admire the results of those diligent investigations. Mr. Clayton, though long afflicted with blindness, never abated his zeal for this pursuit, and was courteously obliging to visitors at Chesters, showing them his valuable collection of Roman sculptures and inscriptions, altars, tombstones, records on slabs, and statuettes of heathen deities, which merit careful preservation.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, of Pembridge-crescent, Notting Hill-gate.



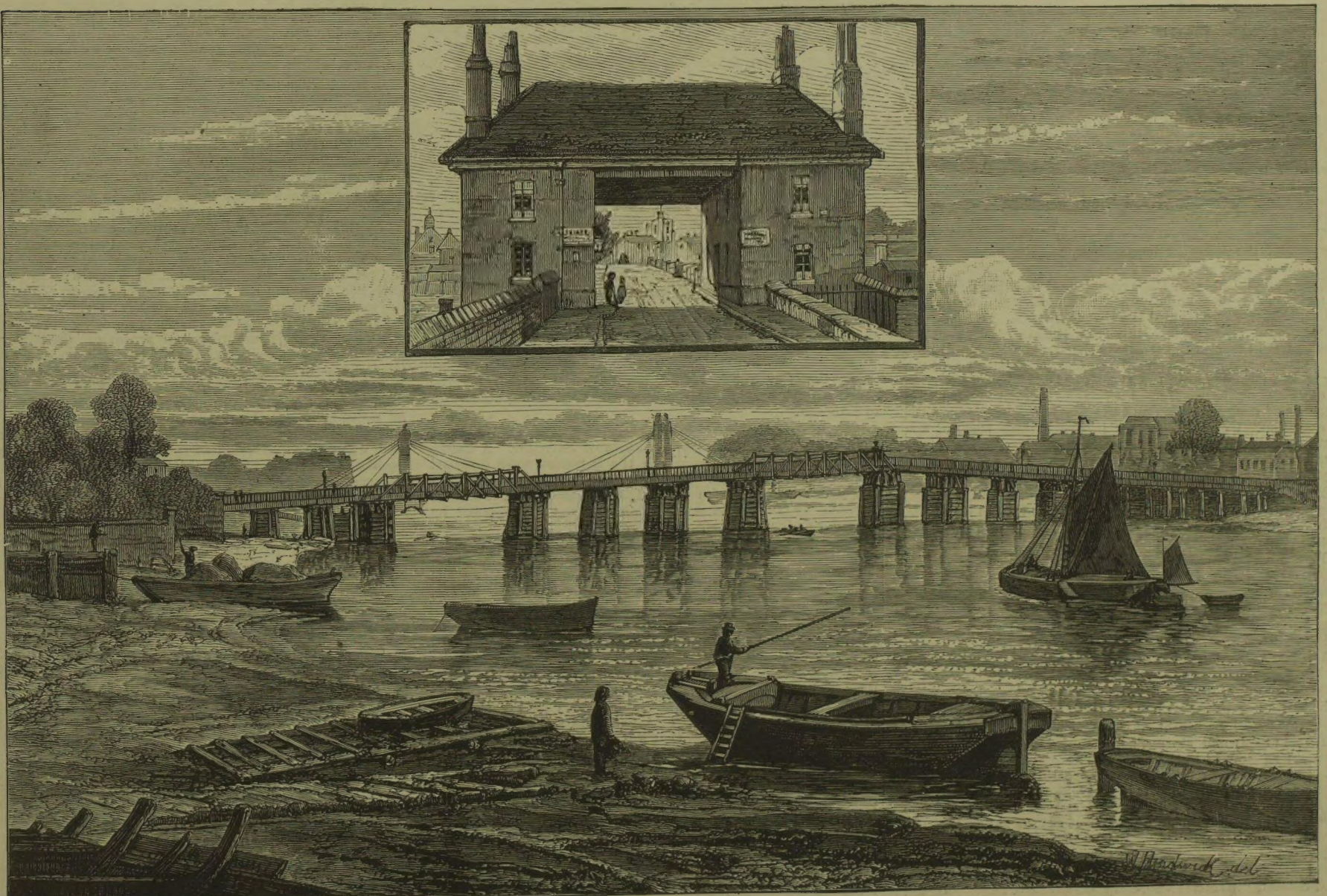
H.M.S. LATONA, PROTECTED CRUISER, BUILT OF STEEL.





OPENING OF NEW BATTERSEA BRIDGE BY THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, JULY 21.

TOLL HOUSE OF OLD PUTNEY BRIDGE.



OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE.



## NEW BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

The new Battersea Bridge was opened on Monday, July 21, by Lord Rosebery, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. The old bridge, a timber structure, had in 1883 become so insecure that it had to be closed to carriage traffic. A temporary foot-bridge was erected and the old structure demolished, and in May 1886 the late Metropolitan Board of Works entered into a contract with Messrs. Williams, Son, and Wallington for the erection of a new bridge at a cost of £143,000. The new bridge is in a direct line between Beaufort-street, Chelsea, and Bridge-road, Battersea, and spans the river in five segmental arches, consisting of cast-iron ribs resting upon piers of granite. The centre arch has a span of 163 ft., with a rise of 18 ft. and a headway above Trinity high-water mark of 20 ft.; the abutment arches have a span of 113 ft. 6 in., with a rise of 8 ft. 6 in., and a headway above high-water mark of 10 ft. 6 in.; and the intermediate arches have a span of 140 ft., with a rise of 23 ft. 1½ in., and a headway above high water of 15 ft. 1½ in. The width of the bridge between the parapets is just 40 ft., divided into a carriage-way of 24 ft. and two footways of 8 ft. each. The carriage-way is supported by seven cast-iron ribs; but the greater portion of the footway is carried by cantilevers, covered below by an ornamental cast-iron covering. The parapet is an open one, of cast iron. The designs were by Sir Joseph Bazalgette and Mr. Edward Bazalgette. The opening ceremony, which was a brief one, took place at the Chelsea end of the bridge. Lord Rosebery, addressing those who had been admitted within the barriers, said he had been deputed by the London County Council to declare this bridge open, and he was glad that the London County Council was privileged to be in power at the completion of this great metropolitan improvement. Looking back to former times, this ferry was first made by James I. In 1766 an Act was passed of which the preamble says that that ferry was "dangerous, inconvenient, and almost impassable." Under these circumstances, a wooden bridge was put up, which lasted 130 years, and that bridge was not paid for out of the rates, but by fifteen of the riparian proprietors. A few years ago that wooden bridge had got into such a condition that it was reported that if a barge came into collision with it the danger would not be to the barge but to the bridge. It was now replaced by the present structure, which united Chelsea, the home of so many sages, with Battersea, the home of Bolingbroke. He declared the bridge open. Lord Rosebery drove over the bridge, and the public were afterwards permitted to pass over it.

The old wooden bridge, of which also we give an illustration, was erected between 1766 and 1771, at a cost of £17,662, including approach roads, by John, Earl Spencer, and other gentlemen who had subscribed money, £1000 each, and obtained an Act of Parliament for the purpose, and who purchased the ferry privileges from the nephew of Henry St. John, the famous Lord Bolingbroke. The ferry had, in the reign of James I., belonged to the Earl of Lincoln, who was owner of Sir Thomas More's house at Chelsea, having bought it of Sir Robert Cecil. The builders of the bridge were empowered to charge tolls, a halfpenny for foot-passengers and fourpence for carriages, but it was never a profitable concern. It remained with their descendants till 1873, when it was acquired by the Albert Bridge Company, and the structure was then much altered and improved, converting four of the old narrow spans into two of greater width. With the view of Old Battersea Bridge is presented one of the quaint-looking toll-house of Putney Bridge, erected in 1729, long a familiar feature of the suburban banks of the Thames.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The funeral of Sir Richard Wallace took place in Paris on July 23; all the Embassy staff were present.—Mlle. Clotilde Murat, daughter of Count Joachim Murat, and cousin of Prince Joachim Murat, was married on the 22nd at the English Passionist Church, Paris, to M. Paul Lebaudy, Deputy for Seine et Oise, and owner of Rosny, the birthplace of Sully. The bride is the descendant of a brother of King Joachim of Naples.—A thunderstorm of unusual violence swept, on July 17, over Paris. For more than an hour the darkness was so great that gas was necessary. The rain fell in torrents, and was driven by a high wind.

The Portuguese Cortes have sanctioned the Bill fixing the strength of the Army at 30,000 men, with a contingent of 13,700 recruits.

The National Belgian Fêtes commenced at Brussels on July 20, and this year the commemoration includes the silver jubilee of Leopold II., who ascended the throne in 1865. An historical procession representing incidents from the era of William the Silent passed through the streets in the afternoon; later in the day concerts and dramatic performances were given, and the city was illuminated. On the 21st King Leopold received from deputations of both Houses of the Belgian Legislature addresses of congratulation on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. One was enclosed in a gold and jewelled box worth a thousand pounds. In the morning the Royal family attended a "Te Deum" in the Cathedral of Sta. Gudule. The popular festivities were continued all day.

The people of Heligoland have held a meeting and resolved to send an address to the Queen, through the British Governor, taking a grateful farewell of her Majesty, now that they are to be united to a nation to which they were allied by race.

Prince and Princess Waldemar of Denmark left Copenhagen on July 17 on a visit to the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, the parents of her Royal Highness.

The Crown Princess of the Hellenes, Princess Sophia of Prussia, was delivered of a son on July 20. The mother and child are doing well. A "Te Deum" was sung in the churches of Athens. King George arrived at Athens, on the 21st, from his trip to Central Europe, and was agreeably surprised at the news. The Queen arrived next day from Sebastopol.

The divorce between King Milan of Serbia and Queen Natalie has been confirmed by the Synod.

Terrific rains and storms, accompanied with intense heat, prevailed on July 18 in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and at many localities in the West. Numerous deaths are reported, many having been killed by the heat and lightning, while great destruction has been done to property.—The return of the recent Census shows that the population of Chicago exceeds 1,100,000 souls.

Mr. John Ross Robertson, of Toronto, has been elected Grand Master of the Freemasons of Canada, and the Hon. J. M. Gibson, Provincial Secretary of Ontario, Deputy Grand Master.—The railway statistics for Canada for 1890 show that there are 13,325 miles of completed road in the Dominion, and 416 miles under construction, representing a paid-up capital of £152,115,289.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the new Premier at the Cape, has succeeded in forming a Ministry.

The Hon. Jenkin Coles, who held the portfolio of Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Playford Ministry, has been elected Speaker of the South Australian House of Assembly.

## OBITUARY.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE, BART.

Sir Richard Wallace, Bart., K.C.B., J.P. and D.L. for the counties of Suffolk and Antrim, Hon. Colonel Antrim Artillery Militia, a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, died in Paris, on July 20. Having succeeded to the extensive estates of the late Marquis of Hertford, K.G., he became one of the largest landed proprietors in the north of Ireland, and was elected M.P. for Lisburn, which he represented from 1873 to 1885. His collection of pictures was very valuable, and his opinion on works of art highly esteemed. At the Paris Exhibition of 1878 he acted as one of her Majesty's Commissioners. He was created a Baronet Nov. 24, 1871. Sir Richard married Julie Amelie Charlotte Castellan, daughter of an officer in the French Army.



SIR ALFRED SLADE, BART.

Sir Alfred Frederic Adolphus Slade, third Baronet, of Maunsel House, Somerset, Receiver-General of the Inland Revenue since 1875, died on July 19. He was born May 28, 1834, the eldest son of Sir Frederic Slade, Bart., Q.C., by Barbara Browne Mostyn, his wife, sister of Lord Vaux, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his father in 1863. He was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Entering the Army, he served through the siege of Sebastopol, and was dangerously wounded, June 18, at the attack on the Redan. He had the Order of the Medjidieh and three medals. He was also in India during the



Mutiny. Sir Alfred married, Sept. 6, 1860, Mary Constance, second daughter of Mr. William Cuthbert of Beaufort Castle, Northumberland, and leaves two sons and three daughters. The elder son, now Sir Cuthbert Slade, fourth Baronet, born April 10, 1863, is Lieutenant, Scots Guards. The late Sir Alfred contested unsuccessfully Lewes in 1865, and Taunton in 1873. His politics were Conservative. He was J.P. for Somerset, Middlesex, and Westminster, Hon. Colonel 2nd Somerset Volunteers, and was formerly Captain 57th Foot.

GENERAL CLAREMONT.

General Edward Stopford Claremont, C.B., a Groom of the Privy Chamber to the Queen, died in Paris on July 16, aged seventy-one. He entered the Army in 1838, and attained the rank of General in 1881. He served in the Crimea, was with the headquarters of the French in the Italian Campaign, and acted for several years as Military Attaché at Paris. He had the Legion of Honour and the Medjidieh.

SIR HENRY CONNOR.

Sir Henry Connor, LL.D., Chief Justice of Natal, whose death is announced, was born in 1817, son of Mr. Roderick Connor, a Master in Chancery in Ireland, and was called to the Bar in 1839. He became Assessor of the Gold Coast in 1854, Puisne Judge at Natal in 1858, and Chief Justice in 1874. He was a member of the Executive Council and Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Miss Lydia Becker, head of the Woman's Suffrage Movement for many years, and a member of the Manchester School Board, at Geneva, on July 18.

Sarah Augusta, widow of the fifteenth Viscount Dillon, of Costello Gallen, in the county of Sligo, in the peerage of Ireland.

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Coke (Diana), widow of the Hon. Edward Keppel Coke, M.P. for West Norfolk, and sister of Henry, second Viscount Clifden, on July 18; formerly Bed-chamber Woman to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

The Rev. Adolphus Waller, M.A., Vicar of Hunstanton, Norfolk, chaplain to Isabel, Countess of Carnwath, on July 16, aged fifty-one. He was second son of Sir Thomas Walter Waller, Bart.; was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford; and married, July 19, 1866, Jamesina, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry S. Styleman le Strange, of Hunstanton Hall and leaves issue.

Mr. William Fenton Fletcher Boughey, barrister-at-law, Recorder of Shrewsbury 1867 to 1879, and stipendiary magistrate for South Staffordshire 1879 to 1885. He was fourth son of Sir John Fenton Boughey, Bart., M.P. for Staffordshire, by Henrietta Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Sir John Chetwode, Bart.; was born Nov. 9, 1814, and married, in 1874, Caroline, daughter of the Rev. B. L. Cubitt.

In the New South Wales Assembly the motion for the abolition of the duty on tea has been lost by twenty-five votes to eighteen.

A war has broken out in Central America, the State of Guatemala having invaded the State of Salvador. A battle was fought on July 17, in which the invaders were defeated with considerable loss. The difference has arisen out of a proposal to federate the Central American States, which is favoured by Guatemala and one other State, and opposed by Salvador and two others.

The Berlin Academy of Architecture met on July 16 to settle the conditions for plans for the important edifices which it is proposed to erect on the Museum Island in that city. The project emanated from the late Emperor Frederick, who also projected a new cathedral for Berlin. The expenditure on the Museum Island is estimated at fifteen millions of marks, to which twenty millions would have to be added for the proposed new cathedral.

Archdeacon Farrar presided at the annual meeting of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, and in moving the adoption of the report stated that the subscriptions during the past year had increased from £1954 to £2631, and the donations from £3824 to £4961; and that the committee, of which he is a member, had granted £10,846, as against £9195 in the previous year. The Archdeacon of London seconded the adoption of the report, and this was warmly supported by Canon Benham.

According to the report of the Committee of Council on Education, there were, on August 31 last, 19,398 day-schools in England and Wales under separate management and claiming annual grants. The schools contained 29,336 departments under separate head teachers, with accommodation for 5,468,108 scholars; the number of scholars on the register was 4,779,903, and the average attendance 3,696,525. During the year the inspectors visited 19,310 day-schools in England and Wales, to which annual grants were made, and these contained 29,199 departments, furnishing accommodation for 5,440,441 scholars. The inspectors found on the registers 4,755,835 children, of whom 1,495,770 were under seven years of age; 3,064,560 between seven and thirteen; 152,348 between thirteen and fourteen; and 43,157 above fourteen. The inspectors found 45,434 certificated teachers at work.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

If the old-fashioned party divisions had not been long set at naught in Parliament, one of the greatest surprises of this Session of surprises would indubitably have been the appearance of the Marquis of Salisbury in the guise of a Radical reformer. The fact is there is now really a wholesome competition between the two principal parties in the State as to which shall push forward needed reforms most quickly. So it was not altogether astonishing to find Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Earl Granville, and Lord Herschell practically vying with each other in a healthy desire to pull down the obstructive gates which have too long been left standing, to the sad inconvenience of the public, on the Duke of Bedford's estate in the centre of London. Lord Rosebery, as first Chairman of the London County Council, spoke with accustomed clearness and point in introducing the Bill for the removal of these gates; and the Duke of Bedford, usually a regular attendant in the House of Lords, was absent, and might have been said to have allowed judgment to go by default—had not a stout champion rose for him, in the person of Lord Bramwell, who strongly urged that compensation should be granted to the neighbouring householders, whose repose would be broken. Lord Salisbury, for his part, lifted his powerful voice to its full compass when he bore personal witness to the delay occasioned by these objectionable gates in the drive to the Great Northern Railway Terminus. The Prime Minister by no means obscurely intimated on that sultry July afternoon that imprecations even had escaped his lips when retarded by these obstructions. Small wonder, under these circumstances, that both Lord Rosebery and Sir John Lubbock (who had been listening to the debate in the members' gallery) fairly beamed with satisfaction when they strolled into the Lobby, where the noble Earl received the thanks of the public-spirited County Councillor, Mr. T. B. Westcott, who is really the author of this seasonable measure.

The Bishop of Peterborough's Select Committee on Infant Insurance has amassed much useful information, but branched off into a rather subtle inquiry when the right reverend chairman catechised a witness as to whether he really believed a man was his own child. "In the eye of the law he is," replied the witness, who may peradventure next be questioned as to how many angels can dance on the point of a needle.

Summer's tardy advent has increased the ennui of the Commons, whose longing for Goodwood and the Solent has been typified by the greater prevalence of light apparel, and by the frequency with which tea-parties have been held for the delectation of the ladies on the riverside terrace. Mr. Chamberlain, in his light suit, has been observed in Lord Hartington's favourite corner of the front Opposition bench, apparently listening to the voice of the charmer (proceeding from the lips of Mr. Dillon or Mr. Tim Henly), but the right hon. gentleman's thoughts were doubtless far away across the Atlantic, whither he is in the recess to accompany Mrs. Chamberlain to her old home. It has, by the way, been one of the pleasantest sights of the season to catch a glimpse now and then of Mr. Chamberlain and his fair young American wife prolonging their honeymoon in picture galleries or Society assemblages. Their union is undeniably a happy one. Perfidious Mr. William O'Brien, on the other hand, wears in the House a singularly subdued look, as though the domestic form of Home Rule, at any rate, did not wholly agree with him.

Mr. Goschen had on the Twenty-first of July to inform the Commons how he intended to dispose of the financial white elephant he had vainly created in the hope that he could settle the vexed question of publicans' licenses. The Chancellor of the Exchequer communicated his decision in the form of an answer to Colonel Howard Vincent, whose Parliamentary diligence is certainly praiseworthy. The reply was, in brief, that the Compensation Bill having dropped, the proposed extra tax on beer and spirits would be withdrawn; that the sum at the disposal of Mr. Goschen would not be devoted to the purchase of the Crystal Palace (as suggested by Mr. Conybeare), but would go to the County Councils to promote "intermediate, technical, or agricultural education."

The regrettable insubordination in the Second Battalion of the Grenadier Guards has, naturally, been mentioned in the House of Commons; but the brevity of Mr. Stanhope's cautious replies has neatly checked the inquisitiveness of Radical members at question time. Let us hope that the banishment of the offending battalion to Bermuda will not turn out to be so uncongenial an excursion as the men anticipated when they left Victoria to the tune of "Annie Rooney." It is most promising that everyone speaks in the highest terms of praise of their new Commander, Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton, who addressed the Grenadiers in such kindly terms at Wellington Barracks on the eve of their departure. It may be added that, so deep was the public interest in this unfortunate instance of military disaffection, the Secretary for War was again "heckled" on the point by Mr. Hanbury when the War Office vote was under discussion on the Twenty-second of July. Mr. Stanhope, however, bravely held his ground against his stalwart interrogator, who is obviously in the running for the office of War Minister in some future Government.

Boyle Farm, Thames Ditton, for so many years the property and residence of the late Lord St. Leonards, has been sold for £11,500, the purchaser being Mr. Robinson.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife left East Sheen on July 22 for their residence in Portman-square, and left town on the 23rd for Scotland. Her Royal Highness is now quite convalescent.

The Duchess of Albany visited the National Orphan Home at Ham Common, Richmond, on July 21, for the purpose of distributing Lady Peek's prize to old scholars for good character and length of service.

The Town Clerk of Nottingham has received from the Drapers' Company a cheque for three thousand pounds, towards the cost of the new buildings for technical instruction, in connection with the Nottingham University College.

The race for the Wingfield Sculls, which carries with it the Amateur Championship of England, was decided, on the course from Putney to Mortlake, on July 18, in favour of J. C. Gardner, who defeated the holder, Guy Nickalls.

The interior of St. Seiriols Church, Penmaenmawr, North Wales, has been enriched by the addition of a beautiful stained-glass window representing the "Adoration of the Shepherds." It has been erected by Mr. T. E. Horton, of Noel-Llys, in memory of his wife, and was, we understand, executed by Mayer and Co., of Munich and London.

The Haymarket Theatre has been kindly placed at Mrs. Oscar Beringer's disposal by Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree for the Beverly Matinée on Wednesday, July 30. Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma Tadema, and Mr. Holman Hunt indorse their approval of the cause by appearing as patrons on the occasion. It is proposed to purchase a small annuity for Mrs. Beverly, should the proceeds of the matinée permit.



## THE BISLEY MEETING.

The shooting of the Volunteer marksmen at Bisley has been excellent. On July 16 the weather was fine, and the shooting was well up to the average. The principal competition was the Queen's, the range being 500 yards. In the evening it was found that Lieut. Atkinson, 3rd V. B. Durham Light Infantry, headed the list with a total of 67. Sergeant Mackenzie, 4th V.B. Scots, and Private McLachlan, 8th Lanark, tied for second place with 66.

Shooting in the first stage for the Queen's Prize concluded on the 17th. Corporal Fletcher (Portsmouth), Private McLachlan (Blythswood), and Corporal Wellington (Manchester) each scored 98. In the three hundred who qualified themselves to shoot in the second stage there were no scores below 88. Although the weather was dull all day, no rain fell at Bisley until five o'clock, when the shooting in the Queen's Competition had finished; but a heavy storm afterwards broke over the camp.

The competition for the St. George's Vase, on the 18th, ended in a tie between Captain Gibbs, of the Bristol Engineers, and Corporal Scott, of the 1st Roxburgh and Selkirk. Sergeant-Major Peddie, of the Fife Artillery, won the *Daily Telegraph* Cup, an Engraving of which was given in our last issue.

During the earlier part of the 19th the weather was as bad as it could be from the marksman's point of view. A close contest took place at the final range of the Queen's Second Stage for the Silver Medal, which at length fell to Private Murray, 3rd V.B. Gordon Highlanders, with an aggregate score of 204. Private Taylor, 2nd V.B. North Staffordshire, was second with 203. In shooting the ties for the Bronze Medal, Private McLachlan, 8th Lanark, made three bull's-eyes, and won. Captain Gibbs, Bristol Engineers, won the St. George's Vase in shooting off the tie. The Prince of Wales's Prize was won by Sergeant Woods, of Portsmouth. Five teams competed for the *Standard* Prize, which was gained by the English, the Canadians being second.

On Sunday morning, the 20th, the Umbrella Tent was well filled during the sermon of the Bishop of Guildford, who delivered an apt address on the subject of earthly and heavenly prizes.

No competition of any importance was fired on the morning of the 21st, but in the afternoon the shooting for the National Challenge Trophy aroused considerable attention, Scotland proving victorious. Teams of twenty represented England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; and the following are the aggregate scores: Scotland, 1817; England, 1808; Ireland, 1763; Wales, 1758. The character of the shooting is shown by the fact that the lowest of these four aggregates is higher by ten points than the winning score of last year. Captain Frenantle, 1st Bucks, won the Any Rifle Wimbledon Cup.

In weather charming from the spectator's point of view, but not wholly favourable to the marksmen, the shooting in the final stage for the Queen's Prize took place on the 22nd. After an exciting competition, the coveted honour was won by Sergeant Bates, of Birmingham, with 278. Murray, of Aberdeen, came second, with 270, and Lyte, of the Jersey Militia, third, with 269. Sergeant Fulton, an ex-Queen's Prize-man, was first in the Allcomers' aggregate, and also in the Grand aggregate. The winner of the Queen's Prize last year was a Scotsman, Sergeant Reid, of Lanark. In the two previous years, the winners were Fulton and Warren, both Middlesex men; and for the two years 1885-6, Bulmer and Jackson, both from Lincolnshire. Sergeant Bulmer's score in 1885 has never been reached since. The nearest approach was Mr. Reid's score last year—281.

Lady Grisell Baillie opened on July 13, at St. Boswells, N.B., a townhall which has been erected to the memory of her brother, the late Hon. Robert Baillie. Lady Grisell has provided much of the furnishing of the hall, and also presented it with a fine tower clock.

The Duke of Cambridge addressed the 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards on July 21, at Wellington Barracks, previous to their departure for Bermuda, in charge of Colonel Eaton. Sentences on some of the men for insubordination were read out. Two have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and three others to eighteen months.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian and the children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor on July 18, and travelled to Osborne. On the 19th, the Queen and Princess Christian drove out at Osborne, and the Duchess of Edinburgh subsequently visited the Queen. On Sunday morning, the 20th, her Majesty, Princess Christian, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, and the members of the household attended Divine service at Osborne. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. The Queen is to reside at Osborne for five weeks before proceeding to Balmoral.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud honoured the Duke and Duchess of Westminster by their presence at dinner at Grosvenor House on July 18. After attending Lord Loughborough's marriage on the 19th, the Prince went to Aylesbury, on a visit to Baron Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor. On the 21st the Prince and Princess returned to town, the former from Baron Rothschild's seat near Aylesbury, and the latter from a short visit to the Dowager Duchess of Manchester. Their Royal Highnesses sent to Miss Edith Clarke, the daughter of the Princess's chief Equerry, a sapphire and diamond brooch, on the occasion of

## SKETCHES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The dispute between the Colonial authorities in Newfoundland and the French naval commanders on the west coast of that island, concerning the lobster factories, more especially, which are deemed an infringement of French treaty rights to the use of the shore for operations connected with the cod fishery, seems yet far from an amicable settlement. The Newfoundland delegates to her Majesty's Government, Sir William Whiteway and two other gentlemen, have returned home from England, apparently not well satisfied with the views of Lord Salisbury, who seems resolved that existing treaty obligations shall be faithfully observed as the basis of any diplomatic negotiation with France, probably involving other questions in North and West Africa and in more distant regions, which he may hope to conduct, like those with Germany, to a satisfactory agreement. In the meantime, it appears that the recent aggressive action of the French squadron was much exaggerated by Colonial alarmists. The conduct of Captain Sir Baldwin Walker, in his interposition to prevent a conflict, went a little too far by his sending a party of the Royal Marines to occupy Mr. Baird's lobster factory, and it is now stated that the owners are to be paid some compensation. It

is to be expected that the legal advisers of the Crown will be consulted on the rights of this question. Imperial policy cannot be forced by a mere local agitation in a colony like Newfoundland; but, if its welfare and progress demand the abrogation of the undeniable French fishery rights, the British Empire will have to give a sufficient consideration in other parts of the world.

We present several additional Newfoundland Views—those of the Little River Settlement, St. George's Bay; the Bay of Islands, which receives the Humber River; and Hare Bay, which are three noble inlets of the west coast. St. George's Bay is forty miles wide, and has a good harbour at its head. Its shores contain some fertile valleys, forests of fine timber, and large coal-fields, with lead and other minerals. The Bay of Islands has three wide arms running twenty miles inland; it is the seat of a valuable winter fishery, and is a place for the export of timber; at the mouth of the Humber are extensive beds of marble. Hare Bay is a deep and wide gulf, reaching up more than two thirds of the entire breadth of this part of the island, and branching out in several inlets, sheltered by lofty hills. Our Views are from photographs taken by Mr. S. H. Parsons, of St. John's, Newfoundland, which were communicated to us by Mr. A. B. Morine, one of the delegates recently in London.

There ought no longer to be any doubt or difficulty about the establishment of a National Gallery of British Art. Added to the basis offered by Mr. Tate, there is now the

generous proffer of Mr. William Agnew to contribute "not less than £10,000" towards the establishment of a gallery at Kensington Palace, or in the neighbourhood.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, addressing the grand jury at the Anglesea Assizes, commented upon the remarkable immunity the county enjoyed from crime, there being but one prisoner for trial, and he not a dweller in the Principality.

On the visit of the Architectural and Archaeological Society of the county of Buckingham at Olney, a temporary museum was opened for the display of relics of the poet Cowper and of his friend John Newton, whom he aided with "The Olney Hymns."

Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., opened on July 19 the new library in Knatchbull-road, presented to the people of Camberwell and Lambeth by Mr. William Minet, the generous donor also of the park known as Myatt's Fields. The new library contains close upon 5000 volumes.

A new London thoroughfare was thrown open on July 21, when Lord Rosebery formally opened the first section of the new thoroughfare from the Holborn Townhall to the Angel at Islington. It is carried on a viaduct over the dangerous "dip" between Mount Pleasant and Exmouth-street, being 60ft. wide almost the entire distance. In honour of the first Chairman of the London County Council this portion has been named Rosebery-avenue.—The Earl, accompanied by the Countess and Sir John and Lady Lubbock, opened on the same day the new Battersea Bridge.



THE LATE SIR RICHARD WALLACE, BART., K.C.B.

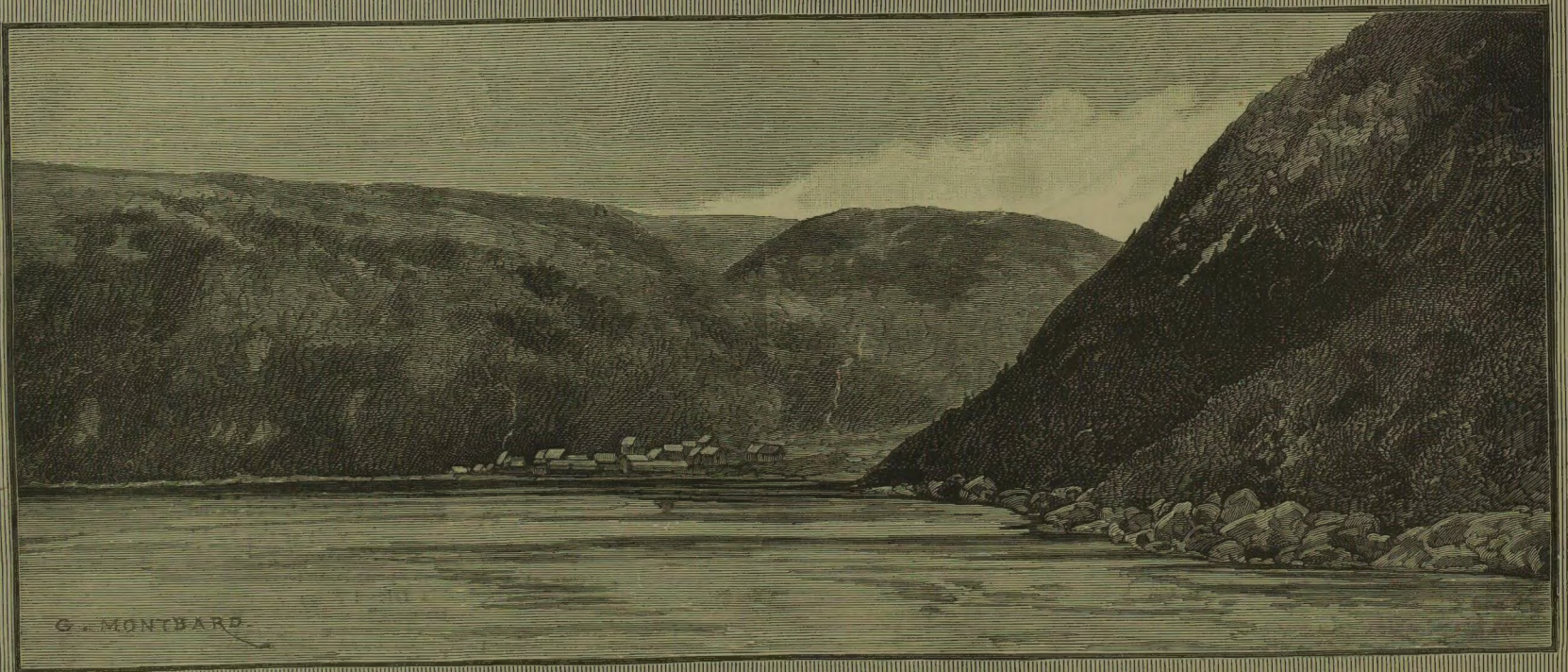
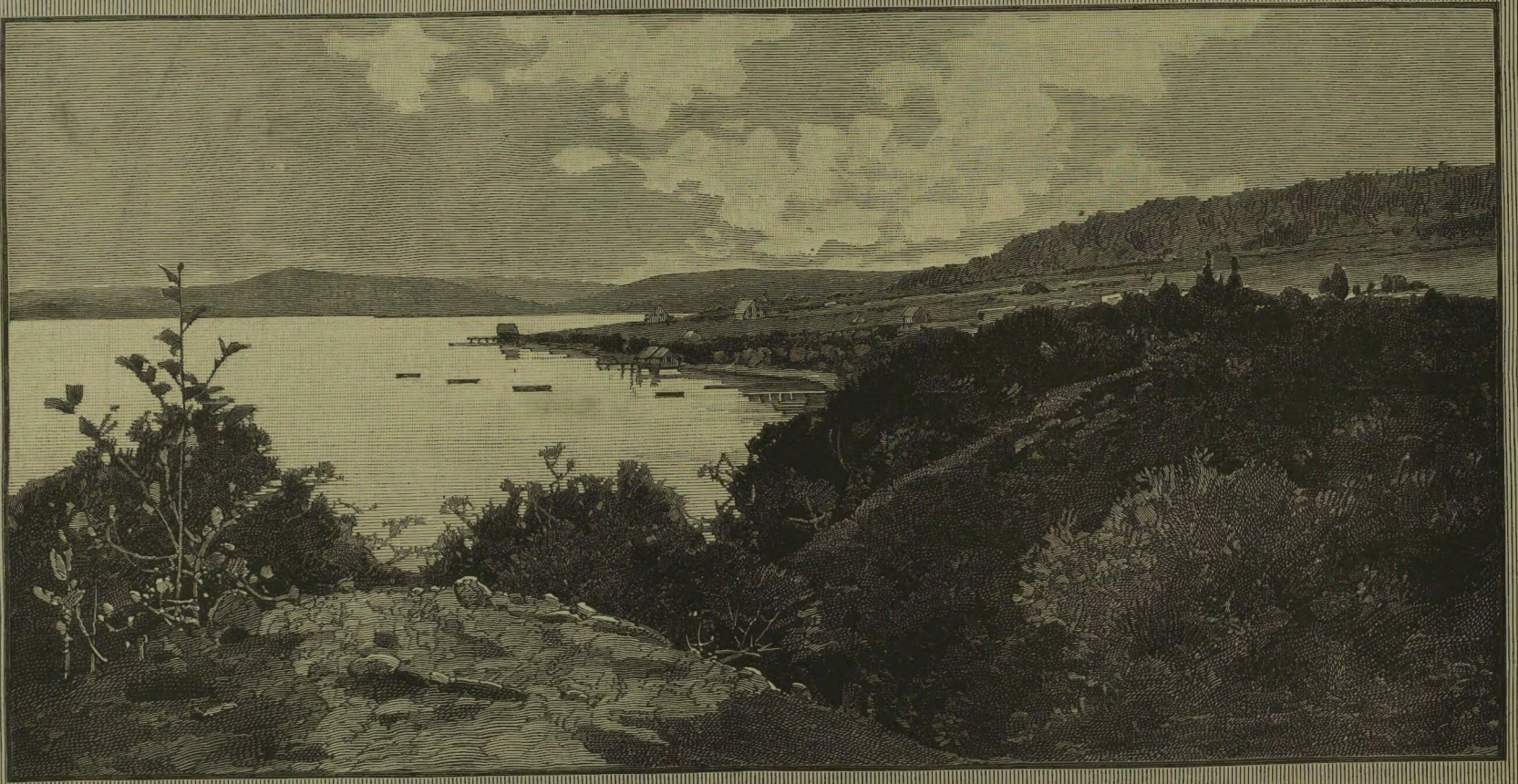
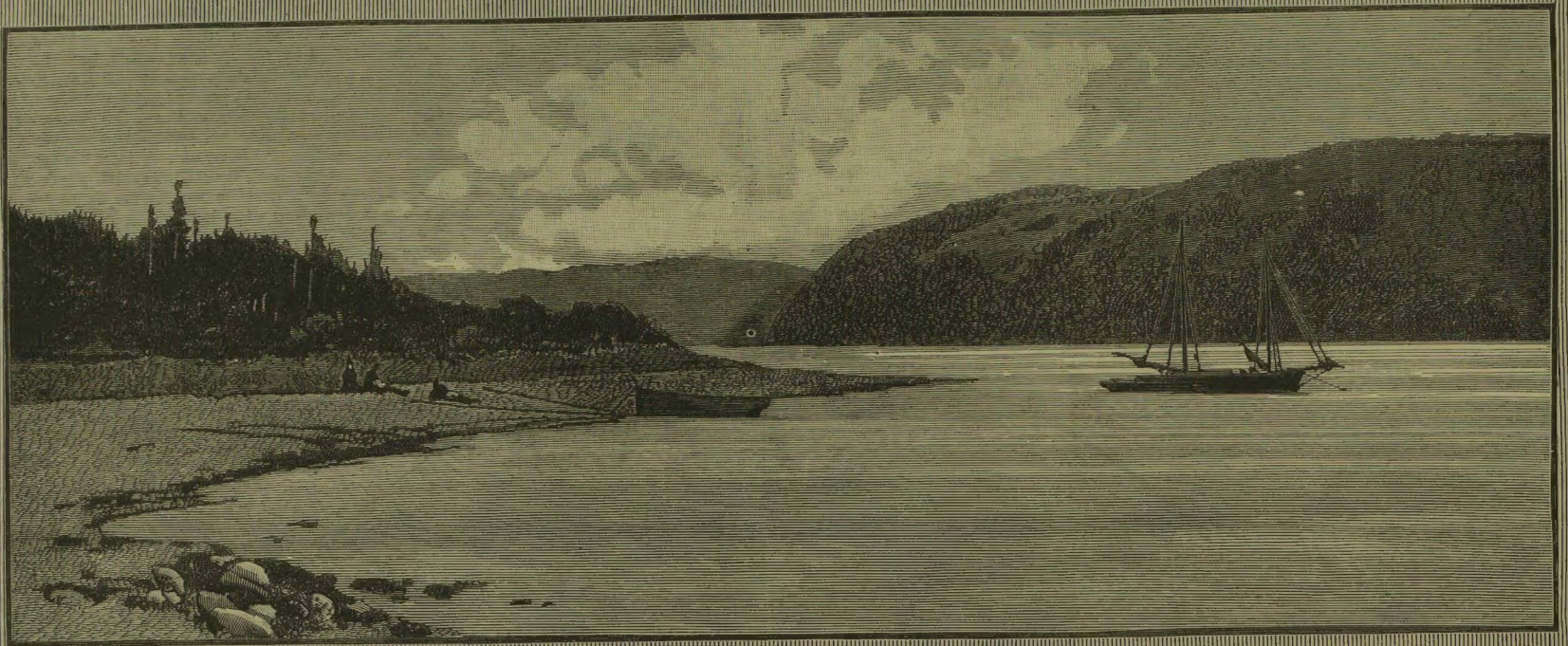
SEE OBITUARY NOTICES.

her wedding with Mr. Frank Bibby, on the 22nd, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street. Other members of the Royal family sent presents. The Prince and Princess attended the wedding with their daughters, and were afterwards present at the wedding breakfast. The Prince presented a wedding present, on behalf of some of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, at Marlborough House, to the Hon. Blanche Colville, daughter of Lord and Lady Colville of Culross, on her approaching marriage with Captain Britten, R.N. The Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud were present on the occasion. In the evening the Prince and Princess and Princess Victoria witnessed the performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the Royal Italian Opera.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who has been indisposed, has accepted the honorary colonelcy of the 3rd London Rifles, vacant by the death of Lord Napier of Magdala.

Her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert, with the Empress Frederick on board, escorted by her Majesty's cruiser Melpomene, arrived at Gibraltar on July 21. A Royal salute was fired by the shore batteries. The Empress was received, on landing, by a guard of honour, composed of the Black Watch, a Royal salute being fired by the Artillery. Her Majesty drove to the Governor's Cottage and along the North Front, and subsequently returned on board the yacht, where she entertained the authorities and the German Consul at dinner. On the 22nd the Empress visited the Rock Galleries and the Garrison Library at Gibraltar.





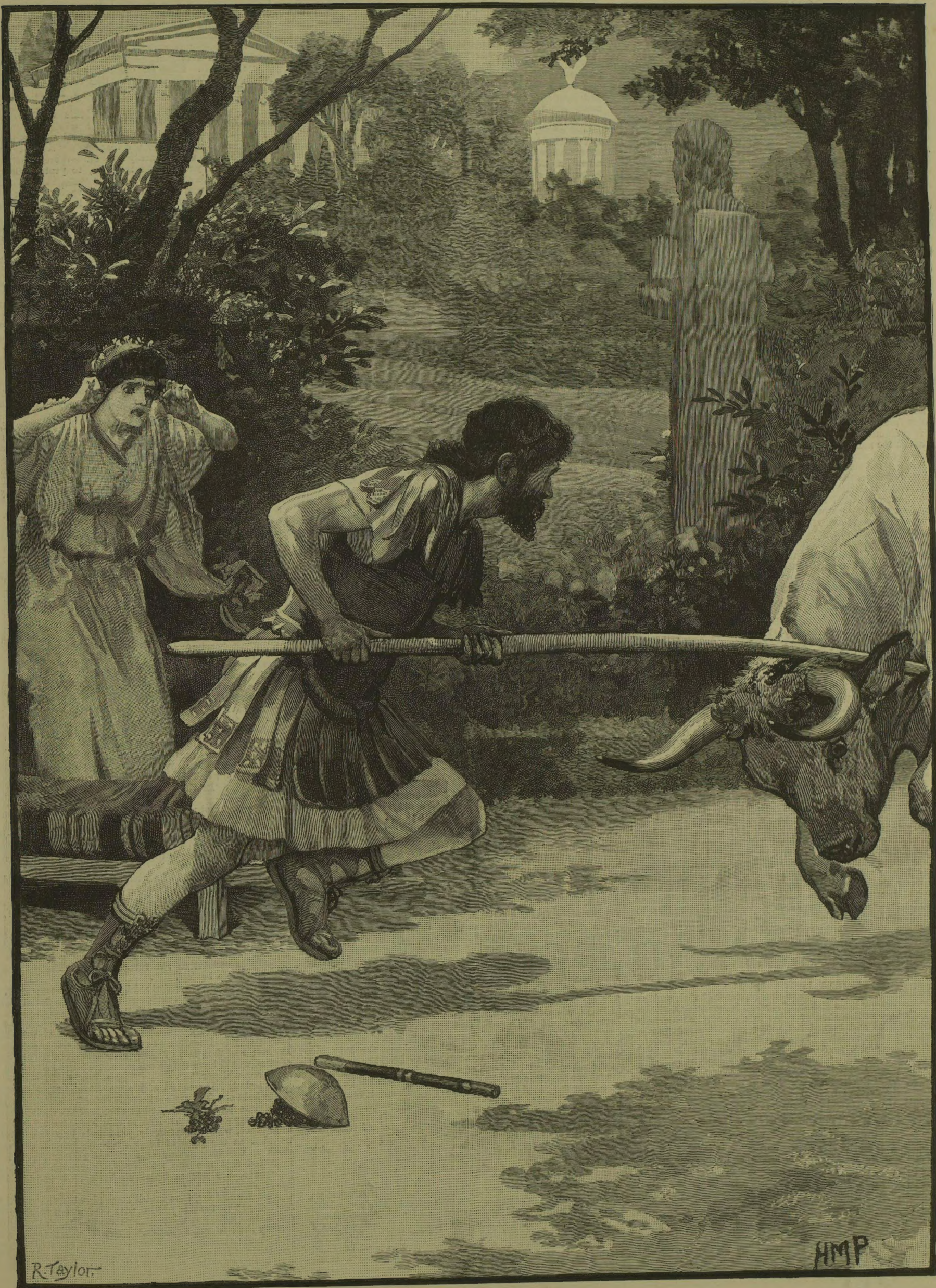
1. Hare Bay.

2. Bay of Islands, Humber Sound.

3. Little River Settlement, St. George's Bay.

SKETCHES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

*As the bull came down upon us two in a snorting avalanche of white hide and sinew I gave him the spear, driving it home with all my strength just in front of the ample shoulder as he lowered his head.*

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHœNICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

### CHAPTER IV.

One day I was sitting in gloomy abstraction in the sunny garden, when, looking up suddenly, a little maid stood by demurely and somewhat compassionately regarding me. Grateful just then for any sort of sympathy, I led her to talk, and presently found, as we thawed into good-fellowship, drawn together by some mutual attraction, that she was of British birth, and more—from my old village! This was bond enough in my then state; but think how moved and pleased I was when the comely little damsel laughingly said, "Oh, yes! it is only you Roman lords who come and go more often than these flowers. We British seldom move; I and my people have lived yonder on the coast for ages!" So I let my lonely fancy fill in the blanks, and took the little maid for a kinswoman, and was right glad to know someone in the void world into which four hundred years' sleep had plunged me.

Strange, too, as you will take it, Numidea, who, now and then, to my mind was so like the ancestress she knew naught of: Numidea, the slave-girl who had stood before me by predestined chance in that hour of sorrow—it was she who directed my destiny and saved and ruined me in this chapter, just as her mother had done distant lifetimes before!

Between this fair little friend and my inexhaustible wallet I dried up my grief, and turned idle and reckless in that fascinating town of extravagance and debauchery. It was not a time to boast much of. The degenerate Romans had lost all their valour and most of their skill in the arts of government. All their hardihood and strength had sunk under the evil example of the debased capital by the Tiber; and, though some few unpopular ones among them railed against the effeminate luxury of the times, few heeded and none were warned. It shamed me to find that all these latter-day Romans thought of was silks and linens, front seats at the theatre, pageantry and spectacles, trinkets and scents. It roused my disdain to see the senators go by with gilded trains of servitors and the young centurions swagger down the streets in their mock armour—their toy, peace-time swords hanging in golden chains from their tender sides, and the wind warning one of their perfumed presence even before they came in sight. Such were not the men to win an empire, I thought, or to hold it!

As for the native British, a modicum of them had dropped the sagum for the toga, and had put on with it all its vices but few of its virtues. Such a witless, vain, incapable medley of arrogant fools never before was seen. To their countrymen they represented themselves as possessed of all the keys of statecraft and government, stirring them up as far as they durst to discontent and rebellion, while to their masters they stood acknowledged sycophants and apes of all the meannesses of a degenerate time. All this was the more the pity, for magnificent and wide were the evidences of what Rome had done for Britain during the long years she had held it. When I slept, it was a chaotic wild, peopled by brave but scattered tribes; when I awoke, it was a fair, united realm—a beautiful territory of fertility, rich in corn and apple-yards, arteried by smooth white-paved roads and ruled by half a dozen wonderful capitals, with countless lesser cities, camps, and villas, wherein modern luxury, like a rampant, beautiful-flowered parasite, had overgrown, and choked and killed the sturdy stuff on which it grew.

Well, it is not my province to tell you of these things. The gilded fops who thronged the city ways I soon found were good enough for drinking bouts and revelry, and, by all Olympus! my sleep had made me thirsty and my sorrow full of a moroseness which had to be constantly batted down under the hatches of an artificial pleasure. All the old cautious, frugal, merchant spirit had gone, and the Roman Phra, in his gold and turquoise cincture, his belt full of his outlandish, never-failing coins, was soon the talk of the town, the life and soul of every reckless bout or folly, the terror of all lictors and honest, benighted citizens.

And, like many another good young man of like inclinations, his exit was as sudden as his entry! Well I remember that day, when my ivory tablets were crowded with suggestions for new idleness and vanities, and bore a dozen or two of merry engagements to plays and processions and carnivals, and all my new-found world looked like a summer sea of pleasure. Under these circumstances I went to my hoard one evening, as I had done very often of late, and was somewhat chagrined to discover only five pieces of money left. However, they were big plump ones, larger than any I had used before, and, as all those had been good gold, these still might mean a long spell of frolic for me—when they were nearly spent it would be time to turn serious.

I at once sat down to rub the general green tint of age from one, noticing it was more verdant than any of its comrades had been, and rubbed with increasing consternation and alarm moment after moment, until I had reduced it at last to an ancient British copper token, a base, abominable thing, not good enough to pitch to a starving beggar!

Another and another was snatched up and chafed, and, as I toiled on by my little flickering earthen lamp in my bachelor cell, every one of those traitor coins in an hour had shed its coating of time and turned out under my disgusted fingers common plebeian metal. There they lay before me at length, a contemptible five pence wherewith to carry on a week's carousing. Five pence! Why, it was not enough to toss to a noisy beggar outside the circus—hardly enough for a drink of detestable British wine, let alone a draught of the good Italian vintages that I had lately come to look upon as my prerogative! Horrible! and as I gazed at them stolidly, that melancholy evening, the airy castle of my pleasure crumbled from base to battlement.

As the result of long cogitation—knowing the measure of my friends too well to think of borrowing of them—I finally decided to make a retreat, and leave my acquaintance my still unblemished reputation in pawn for the various little items owing by me. Taking a look round, to assure myself everyone in the house was asleep, I argued that to-night, though a pauper, I was still of good account, whereas with daylight I should be a discredited beggar; so that it was, in fact, a meritorious action to leave my host an old pair of sandals in lieu of a month's expenses, and drop through the little window into the garden, on the way to the open world once more. Necessity is ever a sophist.

It is needless to say the grey dawn was not particularly cheerful as I sprang into the city fosse and struck out for the woods beyond. The fortune which makes a man one day a gentleman of means and the next a mendicant is more pleasant to hear of when it has befallen one's friends than to feel at first-hand. It was only the fear of the detestable city jail and the abominable provender there, added to the ridicule of my friends, perhaps, that sent me, scrippless, thus afield. Grey as the prospect ahead might be, behind it was black: so I plodded on, with my spear for a staff and Melancholy for a companion.

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The leafy shades reached in an hour or so invited rest, and in their seclusion an idle spell was spent watching, through the green frame of branches, the fair, careless city below wake to new luxurious life; watching the blue smoke rise from the temple courtyards, and the pigeons circling up into the sky, and the glitter of the sun on the legionaries' arms as they wheeled and formed and reformed in the open ground beyond the Prefect's house. Oh, yes! I knew it all! And how pleasantly the water spluttered in the marble baths after those dusty exercises; and how heavy the lightest armour was after such nights as I and those jolly ones down there were accustomed to spend! As I, breakfastless, lent upon the top of my staff, I recalled the good red wine from my host's coolest cellars and the hot bread from slaves' ovens in the street, and how pleasant it was to lie in silk and sandals, and drink and laugh in the shade and stare after the comely British maids, and lay out in those idle sunny hours the fabrics of fun and mirth.

On again, and by midday a valley opened before me, and at the head, a mile or so from the river, was a very stately white villa. Thither, out of curiosity, my steps were turned, and I descended upon that lordly abode by coppices, ferny brakes, and pastures, until one brambly field alone separated us. An ordinary being, whom the Fates had not set themselves to bandy for ever in their immortal hands, would have gone round this enclosure, and so taken the uneventful pathway, but not so I: I must needs cross the brambles, and thus bring down fresh ventures on my head. In the midst of the enclosure was an oak, and under the oak five or six white cows, with a massive bull of the fierce old British breed. This animal resented my trespass, and, shaking his head angrily as I advanced, he came after me at a trot when halfway across. Now, a good soldier knows when to run no less than when to stand, and so my best foot was put forth in the direction of the house, and I presently slipped through a hole in the fence directly into the trim gay garden of the villa itself.

So hasty was my entry that I nearly ran into a stately procession approaching down one of the well-kept terraces intersecting the grounds: a seneschal and a butler, a gorgeously arrayed mercenary or two, men and damsels in waiting, all this lordly array attending a litter borne by two negro slaves, whereon, with a languidness like that of convalescence, belied, however, by the bloom of excellent health and the tokens of robust grace in the every limb, reclined a handsome Roman lady. There was hardly time to take all this in at a glance, when the gorgeous attendants set up a shout of consternation and alarm, and, glancing over my shoulder to see the cause, there was that resentful bull bursting the hedge a scanty twenty paces away, with vindictive purpose in his widespread nostrils and angry eyes.

Down went the seneschal's staff of office, down went the base mercenaries' gilded shields; the butler threw the dish of grapes he was carrying for his lady's refreshment into the bushes; the waiting-maids dropped their fans and, shrieking, joined the general rout! Worse than all, those base villains the littermen slipped their leather straps and in the general panic dropped the litter, and left to her fate that mistress, who, with her sandalled feet wrapped in silks and spangled linens, struggled in vain to rise. There was no time for fear. I turned, and as the bull came down upon us two in a snorting avalanche of white hide and sinew I gave him the spear, driving it home with all my strength just in front of the ample shoulder as he lowered his head. The strong seven-foot haft of ash, as thick as a man's wrist, bent between us like a green hazel wand, and then burst into splinters right up to my grasp. The next moment I was hurled backwards, crashing into the flowers and trim parterres as though it were by the fist of Jove himself I had been struck. Hardly touching the ground, I was up again, my short sword drawn and ready as ever—though the gay world swam before me—to kill or to be killed.

It was not necessary. There had been few truer or more forceful spears than mine in the old times; and there lay the great white monster on his side in a crimson pool of blood, essaying in vain to lift his head, and dying in mighty tremors all among the pretty things the servants had thrown down. The gush of red blood from his chest was wetting even the silken fringes of the comely dame's skirts and wrappings, while she, now at last on her feet, frowned down on him, with angry triumph rather than fear in her countenance.

Though there was hardly a change of colour on her face or a tremor in the voice with which she thanked me, yet I somehow felt her ladyship was in a fine passion behind that disdainful mask. But whether it were so or not, she was civil enough to me, personally evincing a condescending interest in a trifling wound that was staining my bare right arm with crimson, and sending her "good youth" away in a minute or two to the house to get it bound. As I turned to go the stately lady gathered up tunic folds and skirt in her white fist and moved down upon the group of trembling servants who were gathering their wits together slowly under the nervous encouragement of the seneschal. What she said to them I know not, but, if ever the countenances of men truly reflected their sensations, her brief fierce whispers must have been exceedingly unpleasant to listen to.

The damsel who bound the scratch upon my shoulder told me something of this beautiful and wealthy dame. But, in truth, when she called her Lady Electra I needed to hear little more. It was a name that had circulated freely in the city yonder, and especially when wine was sparkling best and tongues at lightest! I knew, without asking, the lady was niece to an Emperor, and was reputed as haughty and cruel as though she had been one of the worst herself; I knew her lawful spouse was away, like most Romans, from his duty just then, and she stood in his place to tyrannise over the British peasants and sweep the taxes into his insatiable coffers. I knew, too, why Rome was forbidden for a time to the vivacious lady, as well as some stories, best untold, of how she enlivened the tedium of her exile in these "savage" places.

In fact, I knew I had fallen into the gilded hold of a magnificent outlaw, one of the worst productions of a debased and sinking State, and, being wayward by predestination, I determined to play with the she-wolf in her own den.

No fancy of mine is so rash but that Fate will countersign it. When Electra sent for me presently in the great hall, where the fountains played into basins of rosy marble, it was to inform me that the destruction of the bull, and my bearing thereat, had caught her fancy, and I was to "consider myself for the present in her private service, and attached to the bodyguard." This decision was announced with an easy imperialism which seemed to ignore all suggestion of opposition—a suavity such as Juno might use in directing the most timorous of servitors—so, as my wishes ran in unison, I bowed my thanks, and kissed the fringe of my Ladyship's cloak, and thought, as she lay there before me on her silken couch in the tessellated hall of her stately home, that I had never before seen so beautiful or dangerous-looking a creature.

Nor had I long to wait for a sight of the Vice-Prefect's talons! While she asked me of my history, the which I made up as I told it (and, having once thus baulked the truth, never

afterwards told her the real facts), a messenger came, and, standing at a respectful distance, saluted his mistress.

"Ah!" she said, with a pretty look of interest in her face, and rising on her elbow, "are they dead?"

"One is, Madam," the man responded: "one of your bearers fled, but the other we secured. We took him into the field and tied him, as your ladyship directed, to the horns of the strongest white cow. She dragged him here and there, and gored him for full ten minutes before he died—and now all that remains of him," with a wave of the hand towards the vestibule, "most respectfully awaits your Ladyship's inspection in the porch!"—and the messenger bowed low.

"It is well. Fling the dog into a ditch! And, my friend, let my brave henchmen know if they do not lay hands on the other villain before sunset to-morrow, I shall come to them for a substitute."

The successful termination of this episode seemed to relieve my new mistress.

"Ah! my excellent soldier," she said with a pretty sigh, "you cannot conceive what a vexation my servants are to me, or how rebellious and unruly! Would there were but a man here, such as yourself for instance, to protect and soften a lonely matron's exile."

This was very flattering to my vanity, more especially as it was accompanied by a gracious look, with more of condescension in it than I fancied usually fell to the lot of those who met her handsome eyes. In such circumstances, under a lordly roof and careless again of to-morrow, a new spell of experience was commenced in the Roman villa, and I learnt much of the ways of corrupt Roman government and a luxurious society there which might amuse you were it not all too long to set down. For a time, when her Ladyship gave, as was her frequent pleasure, gorgeous dinners, and all the statesmen and soldiers of the neighbouring towns came in to sup with her, I pleaded one thing and another in excuse for absence from the places where I must have met many too well known before. But Electra, as the time went on, was proud of her handsome, stalwart Centurion, and advanced me quicker than my modest ambition could demand, clothed me in the gorgeous livery of her household troops, raised me to the chief command, and finally, one evening, sat me at her side on her own silken couch before all the lords and senators, and, deriding their surprise and covert sarcasm, proclaimed me first favourite there with Royal effrontery.

Did I but say Electra was proud of her new find? Much better had it been simply so; but she was not accustomed to moderation in any matters, and perhaps my cold indifference to her overwhelming attractions, when all else fawned for an indulgent look, excited her fiery thirst of dominion. Be this as it may, no very long time after my arrival it was palpable her manner was changing; and as the days went by, and she would have me sit on the tiger-skin at her knee, a second Antony to this British Cleopatra, telling wonderful tales of war and woodcraft, I presently found the unmistakable light of awakening love shining through her Ladyship's half-shut lids. Many and many a time before and since has that beacon been lit for me in eyes of every complexion—it makes me sad to think how well I know that gentle gleam—but never in all my life did I experience anything like the concentrated fire that burnt silently but more strongly day by day in those black Roman eyes!

I would not be warned. More; I took a lawless delight in covertly piling on material and leading that reckless dame, who had used and spurned a score of gallant soldiers or great senators according to her idle fancy, to pour out her over-ample affection on me, the penniless adventurer. And, like one who fans a spark among combustible material, the blaze that resulted was near my undoing.

The more dense I was to her increasing love, the more she suffered. Truly, it was pitiful to see her, who was so little accustomed to know any other will, thwarted by so fine an agency—to see her imperialism strain and fret at the silken meshes of love, and fume to have me know and answer to her meaning yet fear to tell it, and at times be timorous to speak and at others start up purely wrathful that she could not order in this case as elsewhere. Indeed, my lady was in a bad way, and now she would be fierce and sullen and anon gracious and melancholy. In the latter mood she said one day as I sat by her *bisellium*—

"I am ill and pale, my Centurion: I wonder you have not noticed it."

"Perhaps, Madam," I said, with the distant respect that galled her so—"perhaps your Ladyship's supper last night was over-large and late—and those lampreys, I warned you against them that third time."

"Gross! Material!" exclaimed Electra, frowning blackly. "Guess again—a finer malady—a subtler pain."

"Then, maybe the valley air affects my lady's liver, or rheumatism, perhaps, exacts a penalty for some twilight rambles."

Such banter as this, and more, was all the harder to bear since she could not revenge it. I was sorry for the tyrantess, for she was wonderfully attractive thus pensive-wise, and wofully in earnest as she turned away to the painted walls and sighed to herself.

"Fie! to be thus withstood by a fameless mercenary. Why thus must I, unaccustomed, sue this one—the least worthy of them all—and lavish on his dull plebeian ears the sighs that many another would give a province or two to hear?—I, who have slighted the homage of silk and scarlet, and Imperial purple even! Lucullus was not half so dull—or Palladius, or Decius; and that last of many others, my witty Publius Torquatus, would have diagnosed my disease and prescribed for it all in one whisper."

Poor lady! It was not within me—though she did not know it—to hold out for long against the sunshine and storm of her impetuous nature. Neither her abominable cruelties nor her reckless rapacity could suffice to dim her attractions—many a time since, when that comely personage has been as clearly wiped from the page of life, as utterly obliterated from the earth as the very mound of her final resting-place, have I regretted that she was not born to better days, and then, perchance, her fine material might have been run into a nobler mould.

She was jealous, too; and it came about in this way. Very soon after I had taken service with her, whom should I spy, one morning, feeding the golden pheasants outside the verandah but my little friend Numidea. Often I had thought of that maid, and determined to discover that "big house" where she had told me she was bondwoman, and the "great lady" who sent her tripping long journeys into the town for the powders and silk stuffs none could better choose. And now, here she was on my path again, a roof-mate by strange chance, with her graceful tender figure and her dainty ways, and that chronic friendly smile upon her mouth that brought such strange fancies to my mind every time I looked upon it. Of course, I befriended the maid as though she were my own little one, not so many times removed, and equally, of course, Lady Electra noticed and misread our friendship. Poor Numidea! she had a hard life before I came, and a harder, perhaps, afterwards. You compassionate moderns will wonder when I tell you that Numidea has shown me her white silk



shoulders laced with the red scars of old floggings laid on by Electra herself, and the blood-spotted dimples here and there where that imperious dame had thrust, for some trivial offence, a golden bodkin from her hair deep into that innocent flesh. No one knew better than my noble mistress how to give acute torture to a slave without depreciating the market price of her property.

But when I became of more weight—when, in brief, my comely tigress was too fast bound to be dangerous—I spoke up, and Electra grew to be jealous and to hate the small Christian slave-girl with all the unruly strength that marked her other passions.

Thus, one day having discovered Numidea weeping over a new-made wound, I sought out the offender, and as she sauntered up and down her tessellated pavements I shook my fist at her Queenship, and said—

“By the bright flame of Vesta, Lady Electra, and by every deity, old or new, in the endless capacity of the skies, if you get out your abominable flail for that girl again or draw but once upon her one of your accursed bodkins, I will—marry her among the smoking ruins of this white sty of yours!”

When I spoke to her thus under the lash of my anger, she would uprise to the topmost reach of her height, and thence frowning down upon me, her shapely head tossed back, and her draperies falling from her crossed arms and ample shoulders to the marble floor, she would regard me with an imperious stare that might have withered an ordinary mortal. So beautiful and statuesque was her Ladyship on these occasions, towering there in her own white hall like an image of an offended Juno in the first flush of her queenly wrath, that even I would involuntarily step back a pace. But I did not cower or drop my eyes, and, when we had glowered at each other so for a minute or two, the Royal instinct within her was no match for traitor Love. Slowly then the woman would come welling into her proud face; and the glow of anger gave way upon her cheeks; her arms dropped by her sides; she shrank to mortal proportions, and lastly sank on the ebony and ivory couch in a wild gust of weeping, woefully asking to know, as I turned upon my heels, why the slave’s trivial scars were more to me than the mistress’s tears.

My Vice-Prefect was avaricious too. There was, stored in the spacious hollows below her villa, I know not how much bronze and gold squeezed from those reluctant British hinds whose old-world huts clustered together in the oak clumps dotting the fertile vales as far as the eye could see from our roof-ledges on every hand. Had all the offices of the Imperial Government been kept as she kept her duties of tax-collecting, the great Empire would have been further by many a long year from its ruin. And the closer Electra made her accounts, the more deadly became her exactions, the more angry and rebellious grew the natives round us.

Already they had heard whispers of how hard barbarians were pressing upon Rome, day by day they saw Britain depleted of the stalwart legionaries who had occupied the land four hundred years, and as phalanx after phalanx went south through Gaul to protect the mother city on the Tiber their demagogues secretly stirred the people up to ambition and discontent.

Nor can it be denied the villains had something to grumble for. Society was dissolute and debased, while the country was full of those who made the good Roman name a byword. The British peasant had to toil and sweat that a hundred tyrants, the rank production of social decay, might squander and parade in the luxury and finery his labours purchased. Added to this, the pressing needs of the Emperor himself demanded the services of those who had taken upon themselves for centuries the protection of the country. As they retired, Northern rovers, at first fitfully, but afterwards with increasing rigour, came down upon the unguarded coasts, and sailing up the estuaries harried the rich English vales on either side, and rioted amid the accumulated splendour and plenty of the luckless land to their hearts’ content.

Saddled thus with the weight of luxurious conquerors who had lost nearly every art but that of extortion, miserable at home, and devastated from abroad, who can wonder that the British longed to throw off the Roman yoke and breathe the fresher air of a wholesome life again? And as the shadow of the Imperial wings was withdrawn from them their hopes ripened; they thought they were strong and ruleworthy. Fatal mistake! I saw it bud, and I saw it bitterly fruitful!

If you turn back the pages of history you will find these hinds did indeed make a stand for a moment, and, when Honorius had withdrawn his last legionaries and given the islanders their liberty, for a few brief years there was a shepherd government here—the British ruled again in Britain. Then came the next strong tide of Northern invasion, and another conquest.

(To be continued.)

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN AUGUST.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Saturn on Aug. 16, but this is the day of New Moon. She is near Mercury on the 17th; she is near Venus during the evening hours of the 18th and 19th, being to the right of Venus on the former and to her left on the latter evening. She is near Mars in the evening of the 23rd and 24th, being to his right on the former and to his left on the latter evening. On the 24th Mars is due south, at 6h 32m p.m., and the Moon at 6h 52m p.m. She is very near Jupiter on the 27th. The Moon passes the Meridian at 9h 57m p.m., and the planet 5 minutes later. She rises on the 28th at 6h 41m p.m., and will be to the left of Jupiter. He passes the Meridian on this day at 9h 57m p.m., and the Moon 1h 2m later. Her phases or times of change are:—

Last Quarter on the	7th at 19 minutes after	2h in the afternoon.
New Moon	15th " 20 "	4 " " afternoon.
First Quarter "	23rd " 20 "	1 " " afternoon.
Full Moon "	30th " 35 "	4 " " morning.

She is most distant from the Earth on the 14th, and nearest to it on the 29th.

Mercury is an evening star, setting on the 5th at 8h 19m p.m., or 33 minutes after the Sun; on the 16th, at 8h 13m p.m., or 42 minutes after the Sun; on the 15th, at 8h 3m p.m., or 42 minutes after the Sun; on the 20th, at 7h 52m p.m., or 41 minutes after the Sun; on the 25th, at 7h 39m p.m., or 38 minutes after the Sun; and on the 30th, at 7h 21m p.m., or 33 minutes after the Sun. He is near Saturn on the 16th, near the Moon on the 17th, in descending node on the 18th, and in aphelion on the 28th.

Venus sets on the 10th at 8h 50m p.m., or 1h 19m after the Sun; on the 20th, at 8h 23m p.m., or 1h 12m after the Sun; and on the 30th, at 7h 59m p.m., or 1h 8m after the Sun. She is in descending node on the 15th, and near the Moon on the 16th.

Mars is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 11h 13m p.m., on the 11th at 10h 44m p.m., on the 21st at 10h 19m p.m., and on the 31st at 9h 58m p.m., or 3h 9m after the Sun. He is near the Moon on the 24th.

Jupiter sets on the 1st at 4h 16m a.m., or 9 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 9th, at 3h 44m a.m., or 54 minutes before sunrise; on the 19th, at 2h 58m a.m., or 1h 54m before sunrise; and on the 29th, at 2h 11m a.m., or 2h 57m before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 27th.

Saturn sets on the 1st at 8h 4m p.m.; on the 9th, at 8h 18m p.m., or 46 minutes after sunset; on the 19th, at 7h 42m p.m., or 29 minutes after sunset; and on the 29th, at 7h 4m p.m., or 11 minutes after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 16th, and in conjunction with the Sun on the 30th.

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NOVELS.

*A Woman of the World.* By F. Mabel Robinson, Author of "Disenchantment," "The Plan of Campaign," &c. Three vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—The more appropriate title for this interesting but distressing story, which is evidently conceived with a serious moral and even religious purpose, would be, "A Man not of the World." For its hero, William Melancthon Harrington, a young hospital doctor, a strict and pious Wesleyan Methodist, the most self-sacrificing of mankind, would be altogether beautiful in life and character but for one fatal error. The wrong action, though prompted by a super-exalted sentiment of Christian charity, by which his life, with its promise of great usefulness, is prematurely destroyed, is one that no sane and rational mind, whether saintly or worldly, could deem enjoined by the severest precept of social duty. It would defy the extreme of fanatical casuistry, upon any doctrine of self-mortification, or of devotion to the welfare of one's neighbour, to show that a man does rightly in marrying, without the love proper to a husband, merely from compassion and pity, an unhappy girl who has been seduced and deserted by another, and who is about to become the mother of an illegitimate babe. Under the circumstances of this case, it appears to us that Harrington's infatuated stretch of generosity, however to his own mind sanctified by a Christian motive, was an act of injustice, causing much grief to his own family, bringing on himself an undeserved reproach, as his preceding relations to the girl were naturally misunderstood even by his parents, brothers, and sisters, and ruining his professional career. The early death of poor Katharine, who was no wanton, but the innocent victim of treacherous deceit, is rendered the more pathetic by Harrington's unvaried tenderness and purely compassionate affection. But, with the money allowance granted by her angry father it would have been practicable to arrange for her to find needful shelter and care, without taking to wife a person obviously unsuitable to his condition, and towards whom he was not attracted by the kind of feeling demanded in marriage.

As for the "Woman of the World," among the other personages of this novel, we really cannot find her; for Eugenia Canning, until she becomes Lady Prendergast, is a most unworldly young lady—a charming, enthusiastic, though inconstant devotee of High Church piety, of art and poetry, of missions to the poor and nursing sisterhoods, with an intense desire to be a nun. She first loves Donald Jamieson, the handsome young artist and musician, who proves fickle and dishonourable; then she loves Will Harrington, and is inspired by his lofty sentiments. Both these young men are poor; and she, for the sake of her father and mother, consents at length, after one decided refusal, to marry a baronet with a large estate. In accepting Sir Charles Prendergast, whom she could not, in her simple innocence, know to have been a profligate man, and whose fondness as a lover, combined with strong professions of a desire to be good, warranted some trust in his conduct as a husband, Eugenia does not seem particularly wicked. She was not engaged to Harrington, nor had he ever asked for her hand. There is, further, no sign of culpable worldliness, except from the ascetic point of view, in Lady Prendergast's readiness to please her husband, who was very proud of her, by going all the round of fashionable gaieties in the London season. Heartless she never was, or unmindful of her early attachments and aspirations; though, as the wife of a mere "man of the world," she felt obliged to give up the personal realisation of a higher ideal life.

The reader of this story, with a due toleration of the shortcomings that common experience proves to attend sincere dispositions, when youthful sentiment encounters the perplexities of social conduct, will not judge its heroine too severely. While the painful description, needlessly minute and prolonged, of Harrington's illness and death at Mentone, agonised by rapid consumption, with the grief of his mother watching him day and night, is, of course, deeply affecting, we would rather be spared so large and full a cup of natural sorrows. Eugenia's brief parting interviews with her dying friend, who had never been her accepted lover, but who might, with a happier fate, have shared and aided in her noblest spiritual endeavours, are the consummation of the tale; not a very pleasing one, or quite satisfying to our judgment, but which may have been designed to teach a lesson of serious import.

*The Art of Love; or, New Lessons in Old Love.* By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. Three vols. (David Douglas, Edinburgh.)—This novel, by the author of "Sir Lucian Elphinstone," has a title of little appropriate sense or purpose for the character of the story. For no love could be more artless than that which springs up between Kenneth Livingstone, the young Free Kirk minister with a taste and genius for painting, who afterwards proves to be Kenneth Carlyle, heir to a baronetcy and £40,000 a year, and the Hon. Constance M'Fetish, daughter of the Highland Lord Dalmore. If the story had been called "The Love of Art," that title would have been aptly descriptive of the mental sympathy which bred their ingenuous mutual attachment. The other affair, more than twenty years earlier, in 1853, between a young man and a girl, is not worthy to be regarded as "love," being only the commonplace seduction of Kate Gilmour, a pretty, vain, ignorant peasant-girl in the situation of a ladies' maid, by Wilfred Carlyle, a selfish profligate who coolly gets rid of her with a gift of £500. This antecedent intrigue was concealed by Kate's cunning expedient of quickly marrying an old admirer, the farmer Livingstone; and though her wedding was in April, and her child, born in October, bore a strong likeness to Captain Carlyle, not the least suspicion ever disturbed her husband's mind. In the meantime, with almost equal celerity, the Captain had espoused a Lady Julia, who gave birth to a son two months later than the date of Mrs. Livingstone's questionable maternity; both these boys were named Kenneth, the one at Larg farmhouse, the other at Kingsmuir Castle. When they were between four and five years old, little Kenneth Carlyle, whose mother, Lady Julia, had died, was placed for six months under the care of Mrs. Livingstone at the farmhouse, and became the playmate of her own son. The two boys were so much alike that few could tell one from the other; and their resemblance suggested to Mrs. Livingstone the deceitful trick of exchanging them—sending her own child to its illegitimate father, as the lawful heir to his wealth and rank, keeping his late wife's child as the honest farmer's pretended son. Whether boys of that age could so easily be transferred into families both alien and extremely different from those in which they had been reared, without themselves betraying the strange transaction, seems to us not less doubtful than that Mr. Livingstone should never have been puzzled about his paternity of the first-born Kenneth. All goes on smoothly, however, till they have arrived at vigorous manhood. The Kenneth passing for the farmer's son wants to be an artist, in which desire he is much encouraged by Mr. Molloy, a jovial landscape-painter from London coming down in summer months to sketch the moorland glens and streams of the district, somewhere, apparently, on the Ayrshire coast. But Mr. Livingstone, who is an elder of the Free Kirk, and who thinks the artist's an

idle vagabond trade, insists on making the boy a divinity student in Glasgow, whence he passes, under Lord Dalmore's patronage, to a Highland manse with a Gaelic-speaking flock in Lochaber. The author, Sir Herbert Maxwell, deserves at least the praise of rendering both the characteristic manners and talk of middle-class rural folk in Western Scotland, and the picturesque features of nature in those parts of the country, with truth and force, and in the former instance with a keen sense of humour.

But the plot of his tale, as must already be remarked, has the merit neither of originality nor that of probability and likelihood. It is completed by incidents that may so easily be guessed from the preceding situation, and from the requirements of a sentimental regard for the hero and heroine, as to deprive the conclusion of all sustained narrative interest. The Kenneth who has a genius for art, and who adores a high-born, enthusiastic, amiable young lady with hopeless tacit homage, is not long detained in the uncongenial service of the Free Kirk pulpit. Escaping, at the cost of a small feminine scandal of which he is the innocent victim, from the fussy, vulgar associates of his parochial cure, he joins his friend Molloy in London, as a diligent student of Art. But he is destined, of course, as the virtuous "jeune premier" of a modern sentimental romance, speedily to attain the highest pinnacle of fortune. Although, during his brief ordeal of obscurity, Miss Constance M'Fetish, who has regarded him only as a modest friend, becomes engaged to the other Kenneth, a generous youth of splendid prospects, an officer in the Guards, a favourite of the fashionable world, the reader well knows who is who, and what is going to happen. When the enviably happy Kenneth is accidentally killed by a fall over the rocks in deer-stalking on the mountains of Arran, Mrs. Livingstone, being really his mother, does not care to keep her guilty secret any longer. It is revealed to her husband, and to the father of both the young men, now Sir Wilfred Carlyle, M.P., who will be content if there be yet a son and heir to his estate, and has little difficulty in satisfying himself, by certain evidence, that the living Kenneth is his legitimate offspring, born of Lady Julia, his deceased wife. He therefore provides handsomely for the talented young artist, henceforth called by the name Kenneth Carlyle, who at Sir Wilfred's death, not long delayed, successfully maintains his claim in the Scotch Law Courts, marries the fair daughter of kind Lord Dalmore, and is a very happy man.

*Three Boys and a Girl, a Story of Oxford and Heidelberg.* By Caxton Vane. (Moran and Co.)—Among the new shilling books offered at the railway stations to beguile travelling hours, this one, containing also the second and shorter tale called "That Terrible Tinker," will certainly not be left in the carriage afterwards, but kept either for another reading or for communication to the passenger's friends. Though we have a recollection of the quaint literary name, "Caxton Vane," a good many years ago—it may be either a *nom de plume* or an hereditary patronymic—the author has manifestly that great advantage of a fresh youthful spirit, which is, when accompanied with sound good sense, generous feelings, and a lively perception of characters and manners, a promising qualification for the writer of humorous fiction. He makes us thoroughly acquainted, in a few pages, with the distinct individualities of "Slingsby" Austen, Jemmy Smallpiece, and Eddy Wright, three undergraduates in their fourth year at St. Peter's College, Oxford; and with the modest and innocent object of their respectful admiration, Lina Berry, a pretty girl and a good one, niece of their landlady at their lodgings in the town. All three being honest young fellows, but not unusually wise, and Eddy Wright being weak and hasty, besides having the balance of his mind unsettled by a cousin who has recently jilted him, it is no blame to Lina, but it is a misfortune, that she becomes engaged to this soft-hearted but inconstant youth. Heidelberg is the scene of their next adventures, where he meets an American young lady whose commanding fascination overcomes his shallow affection for the simple tradesman's daughter; and he coldly, with a plausible excuse, procures the breaking-off of his engagement to Lina. In the final act, which is tragical, when he is again at Oxford, rowing in the College Eight, an accidental hurt lays poor Eddy Wright on his death-bed, and Lina tenderly receives his penitent confession that he has not treated her well. Not so touching at the end, but very amusing in its whole tenor, is the second brief story, in which a gentleman named Edmund Decarteret, staying with his friend in the sequestered village of Lyddington, and feeling rather exasperated by the solemn, arrogant conventionality of its social chiefs, defies their prejudices by lending his arm to a drunken tinker found dangerously helpless in the road, and boldly justifies his act, before genteel company, against the rebuke of the highly respectable Captain Sands. He is rewarded by the silent approval of the Captain's younger daughter; and when they learn that he is heir to a baronetcy and to the manor of Lyddington, the local sticklers for severe rigidity of class distinctions readily pass over his offence. These are good, pleasant, wholesome little tales, and we hope that "Caxton Vane" will give us some more.

A severe thunderstorm broke over the greater part of England on July 17. The most serious news came from Devonshire, Tavistock and the neighbourhood having suffered heavily from floods. In Somerset, corn crops covering miles of land have been destroyed. At Bournemouth the gardens were completely submerged, and at Aldershot the camp was flooded and several of the huts demolished. Serious floods also occurred in the Thames Valley.

The Marchioness of Salisbury, on July 18, distributed prizes at the Royal Albert Hall to successful essayists of metropolitan schools in the competition promoted by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This important meeting was preceded by the sixty-sixth annual meeting of the Society at 103, Jermyn-street, which was held under the chairmanship of the president and very old friend of the Society, Lord Aberdare.

Several splendid gifts, the money value of which represents over £200,000, were made in various forms to the city of Manchester on July 17, when the new Whitworth Park and Institute, a memorial of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, were formally opened. The Whitworth Institute scheme includes the present Manchester School of Art and the Technical School, and a museum of industrial and commercial products. A plot of land is given by the legates in the city, valued at £35,000, on which a technical school is to be erected. The legates also give £50,000 to be used in the equipment of the institute. Mr. Oliver Heywood, as representing the authorities of the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition of 1887, presented to the institute the surplus from the exhibition, amounting to over £40,000. Mr. William Agnew presented, on behalf of Mr. G. H. Watts, that painter's celebrated picture "Love and Death," as the first donation towards the furnishing of the institute. The Whitworth legates have intimated that they would probably increase their donation of £50,000 for the equipment of the institute in case the scheme is carried out on the general lines laid down by them.



LONDON AND PARIS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.  
PARIS IN 1790.



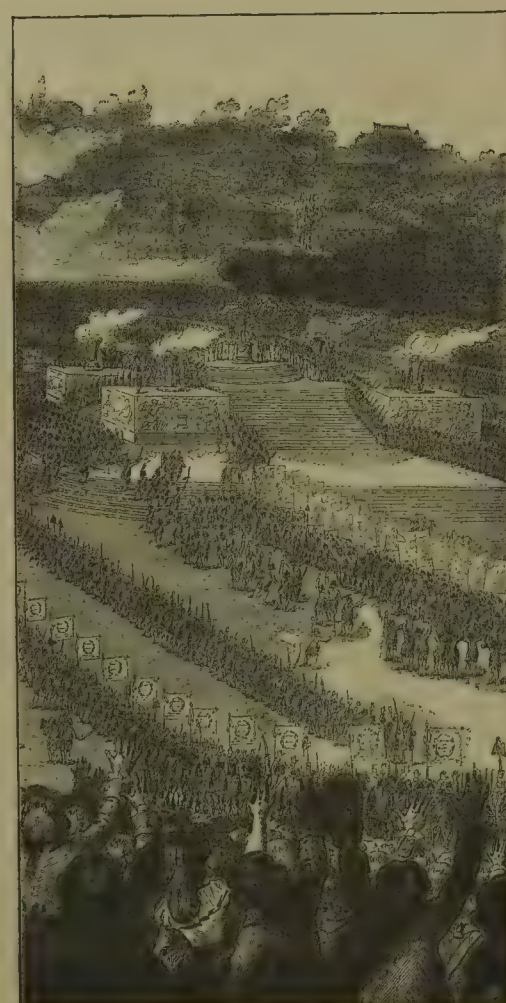
COMMEMORATING THE FÊTE OF THE FEDERATION: THE PEOPLE REJOICING.  
*After an Old Engraving.*



PUBLIC PROMENADE IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.  
*After Debucourt.*



THE STREAM OF LIFE IN PARIS: ON THE QUAI SAINT-PAUL.  
*Reproduction of an Engraving after L'Espinasse.*



FÊTE OF THE FEDERATION, CHAMP DE MARS:  
TAKING THE CIVIC OATH.  
*Portion of an Engraving, after C. Monnet.*



# LONDON AND PARIS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

## LONDON IN 1790.



ENTRANCE TO LONDON FROM THE SOUTH: ST. GEORGE'S CIRCUS, THE OBELISK, AND SURREY TURNPIKE.  
After an Engraving by Dagaty.



LONDON TO THE EAST: WHITECHAPEL-ROAD AND MILE-END-GATE.  
After Rowlandson.



PUBLIC PROMENADE IN THE MALL, ST. JAMES'S PARK.  
After a Drawing by Edward Dayes.



MRS. SIDDONS AT DRURY-LANE: PIT ENTRANCE.  
After a Caricature of the Time.



A LONDON TEA GARDEN.  
After George Morland.



## PARIS IN 1790.

The limits of Paris a hundred years ago may be traced by the great boulevards. In 1790, the northern part was considerably the smaller; now it is much the larger. The whole area of the city was then but a sixth or seventh part of what it is to-day. With the exception of the boulevards and a few main streets, Paris was a labyrinth of narrow winding lanes. The interiors of its private hotels were models of elegance; but the public thoroughfares were so ill-kept and filthy that Paris was called *la ville de boue*. Their cleansing was left to the weather, so that a heavy downpour of rain was a godsend. But then the streets were overflowed with rivulets, and the rushing waters, finding their way to holes and hollows, became ponds, over which planks were laid, and ladies had to be carried. Lined with huge houses, many storeys high, from whose shops dangled a row of sign-boards, these narrow streets got little sunlight. Their sides were here and there cleft by dismal alleys, leading to courts, resembling deep wells, down whose dank sides the dirty water, marking its way by long green patches, dribbled into the sodden earth. Towards the Louvre and the Tuileries the quays had some airiness and grandeur, but in the heart of the city the Seine was choked with old bridges, laden with gaunt and ruinous houses, from whose windows floated rags, and the arches below, shored up, collected the flotsam and jetsam of the river. These bridges led to the Ile de la Cité, the nucleus from which Paris sprang, and which in 1790 had become the very focus of pestilence. Here, contiguous to Notre Dame and to the archiepiscopal palace, was the Hôtel Dieu—the cruellest of misnomers—an hospital where the sick endured horrible misery; and here were the Courts of Justice, the centre of a great web of officialdom, the growth of ages, which in 1790 was swept clean away. But some of the lanes and alleys of the Ile de la Cité, the seat of long-corrupted religion and law, remain, even to-day, a witness of the barbarous neglect of the old times.

From such miserable dens all the well-to-do had fled, leaving them to the poorer sort of traders and workpeople. These were a stunted, morbid race, apparently incapable of making any effective opposition to their own gradual demoralisation. But every wrong brings its own peculiar revenge. If anyone will study a map of Paris in 1790 they will see how completely the Royal Government, by its absorption of all power into its own hands, had prepared a trap for itself. It had reduced the municipal authority in Paris to a mere shadow, and the city went, like the sluggard's garden, from bad to worse. So when 1790 came, and the Government from Versailles was transported to Paris, it found itself surrounded by a festering mass of corruption, which became the very focus of the Revolution.

The Rue St. Honoré—which, instead of continuing, as it does now, straight on to the Rue St. Antoine, stopped short at the turning to the Pont Neuf, and ended in a maze of winding streets, crowded with a squalid population—was broad and handsome; but on each side were the craters of the revolutionary volcano. To the south, between the Club des Feuillants, with the Hôtel de Noailles on one side and the Gardens of the Tuileries on the other, was the Cour du Manège, or riding-school, where the National Assembly sat. On the other side of the street, almost opposite, was the Club of the Jacobins; to the right, a little farther on, was the Palais Royal. There were two cafés in the Gardens of the Tuileries, contiguous to the Cour du Manège, which were also the source of powerful revolutionary incentives. But the special focus of the democratic movement was the Palais Royal, though it was somewhat quieter in 1790 than in previous and in later years. There, in the circus, was held, on Oct. 1, 1790, the "Federative Assembly of the Friends of Truth," when the Abbé Fauchet discoursed to about 5000 people. The society then formed was called the Cercle Social, and was regarded with some jealousy by the Jacobin Club. Moreover, the people, like a besieging army, had its spies in the beleaguered citadel of Royalty; the very domestics in the palace reported hourly every hard saying of the courtiers and every bit of aristocratic intrigue to their friends in the clubs and the cafés, in the newspaper offices and at the street crossings. In 1790 the Press in Paris was working with quite as much feverish activity as the debaters at the clubs or the orators in the open air. While new pamphlets came out every day, the newspapers increased enormously; and placards, blue, violet, yellow, and red, papered every blank wall, displaying the appeals of one party or another, or informing the public of new laws and decrees.

Assailed by these agencies of popular agitation in Paris, as well as by a majority in the National Assembly, and confronted by clubs far more revolutionary than the Jacobins—the Cordeliers, for example, where Danton, Hébert, and Marat were the leading spirits—what could the officials of Royalty do but recognise that, in neglecting the city, they had arranged for their own ruin? Meanwhile, separated from them, in the centre of the town, completely surrounded by the traders and working-people, was rising up, at the Hôtel de Ville, an entirely new municipal government, which had been created without the authority of the King or of the Assembly, though it was afterwards, on May 21, 1790, recognised and definitely organised. The effective mode in which this change was carried out may be seen by a glance at Verniquet's magnificent atlas of Paris, published in 1792—a huge folio of seventy-two sheets, engraved in a style no map-engraver has surpassed. The area of New Paris, vastly enlarged, was divided into forty-eight sections, the chief authority being in the hands of the Mayor and the Council-General, elected by the citizens. This new municipality had formidable work to do. Augean stables in every direction were to be cleared out. Streets, hospitals, prisons, police were to be thoroughly reformed or recreated. Then there was the National Guard to be organised, the octroi to be arranged, the food question to be dealt with, and the employment of those out of work, admitting of no delay. Assisted by the fine harvest of 1790, they succeeded in considerably reducing the price of bread, and they opened works at Montmartre for the unemployed. A vast increase of this class was one of the results of the agitation in France during the previous year. Many persons had migrated from disturbed places in the country, while in Paris itself whole trades had been almost extinguished by the flight of the noblesse and the wealthy, and by the general curtailment of luxury. Paris was an international city, where all kinds of adventurers came to make their fortune, and the readiest means of doing so was either by catering for the luxurious or by financial speculation. Shopkeepers and stockjobbers were busy in Paris, giving it a peculiar character, most conspicuously seen in the Palais Royal. Here a sweet incense was offered, all day long, at the shrine of gluttony, to the music of perpetual cork-drawing, glass-smashing, waiter-rushing, universal chatter and clatter. In the galleries, every showy ornament and fancy commodity was offered for sale, while the successful jobbers paraded up and down in troops, idly picking their teeth and chinking the louis d'or in their pockets. Their places were taken in the evening by a line of women, wearing blue pelisses trimmed with fur and outrageous bonnets, who, followed by crowds, displayed their venal charms. It was to this centre of undisguised sensualism and profligacy that all the beau

monde of Europe were attracted. The rumour of an *émée*, half a mile off, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, frightened them a good deal; more than even the horrible *entourage* which hung about the Rue Vivienne—the men in dirty clothing, with greasy hair, and gawdies look, with livid mouth and sardonic grin, their eyes ever on the alert for prey; and the vile women, often vanishing like mice at the appearance of a *sergent de ville*. "The Palais Royal," it was said, "is the capital of France." But, just as Paris is not France, so the Palais Royal in 1790 was not Paris. Sébastien Mercier, who, at various periods of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, made a study of Paris from many points of view, says, after describing the Palais Royal: "Such is the infected lazar-house placed in the midst of a great city, which would threaten the whole of society with degradation and corruption, if the scandals were not confined to a single point." It may be true of the rest of Paris that its people were honest, industrious, and amiable. They went to their various labours by daylight; they poured to the public kitchens on the Pont de Change and the Quai de la Ferraille at mealtimes. In some of its features mediæval Paris still survived among the working classes—in the trade guilds, for example, with all their craft mysteries and social and religious observances. Happy the working-man whose digestion craved no drink stronger than water; for, though wine was never wanting in France, so much was consumed at the Palais Royal and at the tables of the rich, that the poor had to put up with liquids composed of most pernicious decoctions. This poisonous drink destroyed the people's health, and made them its slaves. It was a pessimist view of their holiday-making to say that "after being worn out by excessive work, they gave themselves up to pleasure still more fatiguing, and to enjoyments even more destructive than the foul air of their workshops."

It was not so with all of them. In the month of June, when the cherries ripened and the currants were gathered, and the peasant girls were seen flocking to the markets carrying baskets of strawberries, multitudes ascended the heights to Belleville or Montmartre; innumerable *quinquettes* lined the way, each with its garden and trellis-covered alleys. On Sundays and holidays it was a perpetual fair: there were swings, roundabouts, fortune-telling, and a smell of perpetual frying from the "Noah's Arks," as the cookshops were suggestively named. Some family parties wandered farther into the country, and beneath the apple-trees danced to the never-failing violin. The well-to-do Parisians took their pleasure at the Bois de Boulogne, whither they drove in light cabriolets drawn by one or two horses, or in the fashionable "whisky." At night the Bois resembled an enchanted grove, with the coloured lamps hanging from the trees like myriads of rubies, emeralds, and topazes. But the place were all classes met was the theatre, and here it was very clear that the old world was giving place to a new. The word "National" had by 1790 superseded the word "Royal." The plays chosen for representation were those more to the taste of the people than of fashionable society. Beaumarchais had to cede his place to Diderot; homely middle-class themes were preferred to the witty but cynical pieces of the past age. Royalty was under an eclipse, and the Court had almost vanished. A caricature of the time, entitled "France se purge petit à petit," gives an idea of what was happening. In June the decree went forth that no French citizens should wear, or cause to be worn, liveries or coats-of-arms. Plasterers were soon at work covering up such emblems on the hotels, and carriage-painters sweeping their brushes over the panels of the coaches. The King accepted the situation, his natural kind-heartedness meeting no difficulty in the crowds who came to look at him, as he walked with his children in the Gardens of the Tuileries, separated from the public only by a blue ribbon, which was always religiously respected. Adolphe Schmidt, a student of the police reports of the time, with no friendly eye to the Revolution, has observed "that mean and common preoccupations and frivolous tastes were so driven from people's minds that the agents of the police had no opportunity of recording ordinary acts of immorality"; the popular mind was affected by "an indescribable ideal, a generous impulse," hopeful and benevolent. But no one then could foresee the agony that was about to seize on Paris. The year 1790 was like a day of sunshine between two long periods of gloomy weather, and to be succeeded by frightful storms. It was on July 14, the high day of popular enthusiasm, that the Fête of the National Federation was celebrated in the Champ de Mars. The Revolution had thrown down all the barriers which privilege had made between different provinces, cities, classes; and the National Guard, who represented the new idea of a common national life, had wished, in a demonstrative, theatrical fashion, to proclaim the fact with religious and military pomp. This idea was at once taken up in the country, and soon flew all round France. It was arranged that the National Fête must be held in Paris. Many descriptions have been written of the extraordinary scene, when thousands of citizens, of every class and age, and of both sexes, voluntarily laboured at the earthworks in the Champ de Mars, in preparation for this festivity; marching in daily, preceded by bands of military music, bearing with gaiety the shovel and the spade, chanting the chorus of a new song, all preserving strict order, with not an insulting word or look, not the slightest quarrel among them. The King came to take a view of this new spectacle; and the citizens, with their spades and pickaxes on their shoulders, formed around him a guard of honour. But the sequel of so glorious and astonishing an example of fraternity was dreadful and shameful to Paris.

## LONDON IN 1790.

Although containing, within the bills of mortality, perhaps 800,000 inhabitants, the English Metropolis a century ago was a huge community, and the City was busy at its centre and in its main thoroughfares. London in 1790 did not extend more than a mile north and south of St. Paul's. The houses and gardens at Hoxton pushed out a little farther to the north; and to the south, High-street, Southwark, continued through Blackman-street to the village of Newington Butts, with a line of houses reaching to Kennington Common. To the east, saving a fringe of houses on both sides of the Thames, the town ended at Mile-end-gate; to the west it was bounded by the parks. The southern portion of the Metropolis was even less overbuilt, and more space was filled with gardens. Besides the bridges, the river was crossed by numerous ferries, and there were no docks but the Commercial; the Pool was crowded with shipping, and its wharves were busy enough. London Bridge, it was calculated, was daily crossed by some 70,000 persons; and this stream of life flowed east and west. We remember a saying of Dr. Johnson's: "Why, Sir, Fleet-street has a very animated appearance, but the tide of existence is at Charing-cross."

The West-End of London was well built, but the old parts of the City were dingy, close, and decaying. The general condition of London, indeed, was improving, since the excess of deaths over births, which had been 10,895 in 1750, and 5519 in 1770, fell in 1790 to 1603. That was still

bad, but, as a set-off, Londoners in 1790 had ready access to the country by every road through the rural environs. East-Enders flocked to Cambridge Heath or Bow Common, West-Enders to Hyde Park, or along the river at Millbank; while to the south lay Kennington and Camberwell, and to the north, Islington—long the most noted popular resort of holiday pleasure. In 1790, Islington was full of tea-gardens, bowling-alleys, and suburban taverns: the mere list of their names suggests a perpetual fair, more or less noisy, according to the character of the company, and especially crowded on Sunday afternoons, when there was a great consumption of buns and beer. On Sunday mornings, the favourite promenade was in Hyde Park, where the fashions in vogue might be seen; but the place for a show of London society was the Mall in St. James's Park. The costumes of gentlemen were often brilliant; and on a fine day the coats of gay colours, the scarlet waistcoats, and the bright attire of the ladies, all standing out against a leafy background, with a peep of "Queen's House" in the distance, might have delighted a lover of picturesque grouping.

Only a few months had passed away since King George III. had recovered from his sad malady, and the cloud still hung over a Court which, at its best, was never very lively. However, in January 1790 there was an effort to restore the aspect of magnificence. The Royal Dukes and the aristocracy arrived in coaches "surpassing," so said the newspapers, "anything of the kind ever seen"; while those exalted personages were clad in rich velvet, embroidered with gold, silver, and spangles. The public went to gaze on their glory; but either the people looked somewhat unsympathetic, or the officer in charge was peculiarly suspicious, for the soldiers who surrounded the palace suddenly backed their horses among the crowd, so as to occasion a crush and panic. The season advanced, summer came, and on June 11 a grand patriotic military spectacle was got up at the Royal Circus. The death of General Wolfe at Quebec was represented, with the scenery of the Falls of Niagara and the Falls of Montmorenci, tableaux of the French army and the Indian warriors, concluding with General Wolfe expiring in the arms of Victory. On July 14 a new piece was brought out, called "The Triumph of Liberty; or, the Destruction of the Bastille," which apparently proved more successful, for on Aug. 5 Astley's came out with "The Confederation at the Champ de Mars," in which an attempt was made to reproduce the pomps of the recent grand political ceremony in Paris. At the other end of the town, the much-frequented theatre at Sadler's Wells produced a spectacle of the same subject, calling it "The Champ de Mars; or, Loyal Federation," in which the whole affair was set forth in a series of tableaux, beginning with the activity of the citizens in preparing the ground, their joyous loyalty shown at the visit of the King, and "the striking and orderly manner in which the great business of the day was conducted." Finally, the Royal Circus, having led the way, was not to be outdone, but again entered the lists with this popular subject, entitling it "The French Jubilee," and made a few striking points omitted by the other theatres. A feature characteristic of 1790 was the performance of these spectacles of the contemporary revolutionary incidents, put on the stage to gratify public feeling, which had more serious exponents. There was a society in London, deriving its name from the Revolution of 1688, of which the Rev. Dr. Price, the minister of a highly respectable Presbyterian congregation at Stoke Newington, and the Earl of Stanhope, a brother-in-law of Mr. Pitt, and a distinguished man of science, were leaders, and they were jointly responsible for a congratulatory address to the National Assembly in Paris. This occasioned the writing of Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution." In the Parliamentary Session of this year there was an attempt to procure the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, in which Reformers were supported by Charles Fox. The newspapers were full of the question, and many were the books and pamphlets setting forth the evil results to England if anyone was allowed to become an alderman or common councillor without first taking the sacrament in the Established Church. Gillray, Rowlandson, and other caricaturists were employed to illustrate the old Hudibrastic ridicule of "Praise God Barebones," and of all Puritans and other Dissenters. The House of Commons rejected the Bill by a great majority. This no doubt provoked the advanced section of the London Whigs to demonstrate in favour of what was going on in Paris, by dining together at the Crown and Anchor tavern on July 14, the first anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, and to celebrate the first success of "a revolution which had set twenty-four millions free." Earl Stanhope proposed a series of toasts, beginning with "The Majesty of the People," and ending with "The National Assembly of France." Meantime, the printer of the *Times* lay in prison, and was heavily fined, for libels alleged to have been printed by that newspaper on the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence. It is curious that, during the early months of this year, there was a man in England who was to prove the incarnation of the very worst excesses that were to attend the French Revolution. Marat was here for some months, and only returned to Paris in May 1790. What was he doing in London?

Gouverneur Morris, coming from Paris, evidently found London society very dull, although he went to Ranelagh, then the resort of all the fashion of the West-End. The amusement he found there was to walk round the vast hall of the Rotunda, and, when tired, to sit down to tea and rolls. It does not appear that he visited the dice-houses in Pall-mall and St. James's-street, "so much overstocked," according to a newspaper paragraph, in the winter of 1790, "with pigeons, that the birds of prey are glutted." Terrible disturbances at times occurred in these places, duels in Hyde Park and suicides being the result. To intelligent foreigners, no doubt, in 1790, the capital of England, especially the West-End, seemed a very dull place. Consider the aspect of its squares and grand streets built at that period—Portland-place, Harley-street, Gower-street, and the like: could imagination conceive a city more oppressively dismal than where such streets were the outcome of immense wealth, commanding the resources of the world? This dullness sat like a nightmare on London, driving its loungers at the West-End, and its loafers in every quarter, to desperation. Side by side with the smug respectability was a brutal and widespread profligacy. It is true that there were good citizens, and a type of men who made London a focus of religious zeal and philanthropy. For we must not forget that, in 1790, Wilberforce and his associates—chief among whom was Clarkson—were strenuously at work to free the slave; that John Wesley and John Newton were still preaching. There were illustrious men of science and great artists. John Hunter was reforming the practice of surgery; Wedgwood and his vases might sometimes be seen at Sir Joseph Banks's, and perhaps Herschel and his sister. At the opening of the Royal Academy this year, Sir Joshua Reynolds was no longer President, having resigned early in February, but he was well represented by his picture of "The Writing Master." Opie also had a good portrait; Fuseli, a "Midsummer Night's



Dream"; and West, a "Moses Showing the Brazen Serpent." Art, indeed, was not badly represented in 1790. Strange and Woollett were engraving. There was a "Shakespeare Gallery," containing many important pictures by leading painters, open most of this year. Its success led Boydell, the printseller, to the dignity of Lord Mayor. It might have been thought an ebb-tide period for literary genius, for poetry and humour; but in the cloisters of Christ's Hospital were two boys, named Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb.

At Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres the genius of great actors drew crowded houses. Gouverneur Morris relates that in December this year he saw Mrs. Siddons in "a very bad piece called 'Isabella.'" That famous actress had been ill, and did not appear on the London stage until the winter, when she came to stay with Mrs. Piozzi at Streatham. Her brother, John Kemble, who during 1790 played several times in his favourite character of Hamlet, was then manager of Drury-Lane.

Reference has been made to the gambling-houses at the West-End. There, and at prize-fights and boxing-galleries, Royal Dukes and noblemen of high degree were to be found. Great numbers of middle-class people, who were never inside a dice-house, were more or less demoralised by gambling in the Government lotteries. In that of 1790, the *Public Advertiser* remarks, thirty or forty persons gained some large prizes, while 33,117 lost all the money they had put in, besides countless sums to bogus insurers. Great were the crowds, and huge was the excitement, in the City when the numbers were proclaimed—messengers on horseback, called "pigeons," flying in all directions. Closely allied with this spirit of gambling was the habit of drinking, terribly great in London at this period. In the middle of the century there were, within the bills of mortality, 20,000 drinking-shops, and by 1790, no doubt, the number was still greater. In almost every printing-office there was a bottle of rum, and the

workmen served themselves with it, and kept a score against themselves; in almost every tailor's shop there was a bottle of gin, and the man who kept the score for the publican was paid by having a glass out of a certain quantity. It was the common practice for journeymen of all sorts, as they went to their work before six o'clock in the morning, to have a pennyworth of hot purl and a halfpennyworth of gin, and it, of course, muddled them. Thus a London mob, in those days, appeared more brutal than could possibly be that of Timbuctoo. "I have seen," said Lady Hester Stanhope, "what an English mob is at an election. They are the most horrid set I have ever beheld."

This profligacy, and the generally dismal conditions of London life, drove thousands into crime. Highwaymen terrorised the suburbs, and, though London was better lighted than Paris, footpads haunted certain parts of the town. Capital punishment in those days was the chief method of settling the accounts of society and law with the unruly. Early in February a "handsome" youth of seventeen lay under sentence of death for highway robbery. On March 2, a man was sentenced to death for stealing a hat; and on May 14 another was ordered for execution—his crime, stealing a cambric handkerchief in the Strand. On August 4 a Westminster school-boy named Dyer was executed over the Debtors' Gate, Old Bailey, for forgery. Every month, in the criminal courts, large batches of unhappy men and women were sentenced to death. Executions were a very frequent sight in London a hundred years ago, and mostly of several persons at a time. Still more lugubrious must have been the aspect of Execution Dock at Wapping, where, all this year, were hanging the corpses of three mutineers hung in chains. Perhaps these unhappy sailors had been victims of pressgangs, such as were sent out in the spring of 1790. On April 5 we read: "This night a very hot press took place on the river Thames, causing great alarm." In May a press-gang attempted to take a butcher's

boy in Goodman's-fields, but a formidable body of butchers attacking them, a fight ensued, in which several persons were wounded.

Altogether, London in 1790 was not quite an ideal place to live in. About May, the papers speak of "a quantity of old houses falling, and accidents occurring in consequence, and everybody who could seemed to be flying into the suburbs, so that there were more empty houses than ever known before." London, continues the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "wants modernising." And, as if to enforce the moral, the winter of 1790-1 was ushered in by a tremendous storm, which tore off the roofs, and threw down parapet-walls and chimneys, several persons being killed either by the falling of stones and bricks or by the lightning. Whole tiers of ships, between Irongate and the Pool, were driven on shore, and immense damage was done to the smaller craft by their dashing against each other. The Londoners were so alarmed at the shaking of their rickety old houses, that they rose from their beds, believing that there was an earthquake, and that they should be buried under its ruins. This foreboding was not altogether unwarranted, considering what was to happen in Europe before the century was to end.

The Bishop of Nottingham has offered to subscribe £100, providing nine other donors will do the same, towards a fund of £3000, to be devoted to the purpose of providing additional church accommodation at Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire.

Lord Rosebery, on July 17, unveiled a memorial in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral to Mr. Dalley, the Minister of New South Wales, through whose exertions the Australian troops were sent to co-operate with the regular troops in the Soudan. The noble Earl said that was the first Memorial to a Colonist in that Cathedral, and it was raised by men who desired to promote all that drew more closely together the various parts of the Empire.



1. The English Cemetery.

2. Inner Face of the Redoubt, stormed by Seaforth Highlanders.

3. Tel-el-Kebir Railway Station.

4. Egyptian Graves.

#### THE BATTLE-FIELD OF TEL-EL-KEBIR, EGYPT.

##### THE TEL-EL-KEBIR BATTLE-FIELD.

We are indebted to a naval officer, Lieutenant J. C. Long, R.N., of H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, for sketches of the cemetery and portions of the battle-field of Tel-el-Kebir, which the Admirals and several of the officers of this Mediterranean fleet visited early in June, the fleet being then at Port Said. The chief point of interest, of course, was the cemetery, which is kept in excellent order; there is not a single grave that is not marked either by a monument or a wooden cross, and the place looks quite fresh and green compared to the adjacent field, where not a blade of grass is to be seen. The battle-field itself is practically in the same state as on the day of the fight; the lines and ditches look as fresh and new as when first dug out, and the revetments are still perfect in the embrasures, the blackened sides of which are quite discernible. The field is strewn with great numbers of rusted tin waterbottles and old boots, here and there scabbards and hilts of sword bayonets, a collection of which was brought back to the fleet; and one sees the skulls and bones of the slain Egyptians protruding from the sand in all directions. But around the chief points of the attack, such as the redoubts on the northern face of the work, the huge mounds of earth are studded with ghastly remains of the slain, which show where the fight was fiercest on that September morning in the year 1882. They ought to be removed or buried: it is barbarous to let them remain in sight.

A desperate chase after an armed burglar who had jumped out of a train took place between Cambridge and Royston on July 17. The man fired at one of his pursuers, and, turning the revolver, shot himself dead. Silver plate and other missing property were found in his bag.

The Lords of the Treasury have at length settled the terms upon which they propose to determine some of the perpetual pensions which still cling to the National Exchequer. The Duke of St. Albans receives a salary of £965 as Master Surveyor and Keeper of the Hawks. This is to be commuted at nineteen years' purchase. The Duke of Hamilton is Keeper of the Palace Gardens of Holyrood, a sinecure post which brings him in £45 10s. a year. For this he is to receive twenty-two years' purchase. The Marquis of Downshire fills

the office of Constable of the Fort of Hillsborough, in the county of Down, from which he draws an income of £54 3s. 4d. This is to be commuted at the rate of twenty-five years' purchase. The pensions of £2000 a year severally enjoyed by Lord Exmouth and Lord Rodney are to be commuted for a fraction under twenty-seven years' purchase.

Messrs. Elkington and Co. have received permission to exhibit the gold, silver, and other objects presented to Mr. H. M. Stanley on the occasion of his marriage, and they can now be seen on presentation of address card at their Regent-street galleries.

Princess Christian, who was accompanied by Prince Christian and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, distributed, on July 17, in Windsor Home Park, the prizes at the triennial meeting of the Prince Consort's Windsor Association.

Sir John Robert Gladstone, Bart., nephew of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., has resigned his Captain's commission in the Coldstream Guards, retiring from the service. He entered the Army in 1873, and served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, being present at Tel-el-Kebir, and also in the Soudan Expedition of 1885.

After a prolonged discussion, the Universal Peace Congress adopted a series of four resolutions in favour of disarmament. The members of the Congress were received by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. The delegates, to the number of about 150, visited Windsor Castle on July 19, and in the evening they concluded their week's labours by a dinner at the Helborn Restaurant. The Hon. Dudley Field presided.

The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office the undermentioned rewards which have been granted by the German Government to the officers and crew of the British steamship *Tudor Prince*, of Newcastle, in recognition of their services to the crew of the German brig *Sirius* in the Atlantic Ocean in September last: a gold watch, with his Majesty's autograph and picture, to Mark Campbell, master; a marine binocular glass to Michael Talland, second mate; and sums of money to Thomas Allan, boatman, Robert M'Inroy, A.B., Olaf Olsen, A.B., John Charlesworth, A.B., Bernard Smith, fireman, and John Sloggie, fireman.

##### GARDEN PARTY, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

Several hundred ladies and gentlemen were invited by the Prince and Princess to the garden-party at Marlborough House, on Monday, July 14, to meet the Queen. From an early hour in the afternoon the streets adjacent were thronged with people, and at four o'clock there were lines of carriages extending for half a mile. The weather, though very threatening, kept fine, and the lawns of the house were seen at their best. Two bands were located in the grounds, around which were erected at intervals marquees for shelter and refreshment. Among the most distinguished personages who arrived early were the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Empress Frederick of Germany, who had come to town from Windsor, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the Royal family; Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, and the Foreign Ambassadors, with military and naval officers, and eminent representatives of the Law and the Church. The Queen, escorted by a troop of Life Guards, arrived at Marlborough House at half past five from Windsor, and was received with great cheering and the playing of the National Anthem by the bands present. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia, and was attended by the Duchess of Roxburgh, Miss McNeill, the Hon. Evelyn Moore, the Hon. Bertha Lambert, and Major-General Sir Henry Ewart and Major F. A. Bigge.

The colonelcy of the 13th Hussars, vacant by the death of Lieutenant-General Broadley Harrison, has been conferred on Lieutenant-General Richard Buckley Prettejohn, C.B.

At the meeting of the School Board for London it was stated that the total outlay in connection with the pianos to be purchased would represent a capital sum of about £6250.

The Durham County Agricultural Show was held on July 17 at West Hartlepool, and was excellent in all departments, especially in horses. Lord Londonderry was a very successful exhibitor in this department. The Strickland pigs were invincible, while Royal Ingram won the all-aged bull prize. Mr. Stephenson, Newcastle, won the polled Angus prize with his champion bull. Sheep were a good class. Dogs, poultry, and pigeons were also excellent.





GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.



## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"Esmeralda" was announced for the second time—in the French version—on July 17, and was followed by several other operas that have already been noticed. Towards the conclusion of a very active season the performances naturally consist chiefly of operas recently given, the constant variety maintained during the previous weeks justifying some reiteration in the closing period. The promised performance of M. Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet," and the closing proceedings of the now expiring season, must be commented on hereafter.

## THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

An interesting specialty was the recent performance of Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," by students of the Royal College of Music, at the Savoy Theatre. This charming opera was first produced at Vienna in 1790. The book, by the Abbate da Ponte (who also wrote the librettos of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni") is of the feeblest and flimsiest kind, which fact may account for the comparative neglect of the opera on the stage. It has occasionally been given in this country in the original Italian, and was produced (many years ago) in an English version under the title of "Tit for Tat." It was given by the "Winter Season Italian Opera Company" in 1873, at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, since which occasion the opera has been practically shelved in this country as regards its stage use. For the purpose of the recent performance now referred to, a new adaptation to an English text has been supplied by the Rev. M. E. Browne, who has executed the task with discretion. It is unnecessary to dwell at length on the forced incidents of the trial of the constancy of the two principal female characters by the pretended absence of their respected lovers, and the return of these in disguise; their favourable reception, as supposed strangers, by the heretofore disconsolate fair ones, and their avowal of the scheme, and the mutual reconciliation of the two pairs of lovers; the machinations of the cynical Don Alfonso and the pert waiting-maid, Despinetta, having been powerful aids to the plot. The characters of the two sisters Isidora and Dorabella were sustained, respectively, by Misses Ella Walker and Ethel Webster, and that of the waiting-maid by Miss M. Davies; Mr. E. G. Branscombe having appeared as Ferrando, the lover of Dorabella; Mr. J. Sandbrook as Gratiano, the lover of Isidora; and Mr. C. J. Magrath as the old philosopher, Don Alfonso. All these acquitted themselves surprisingly well for novices, their generally good enunciation having been a notable feature. Miss M. Davies particularly distinguished herself by her bright vivacity and spirited bearing, free from exaggeration and caricature. The orchestra—which was ample for the purposes of the occasion—comprised several lady students among the stringed instruments, the study of which is largely spreading among the members of the gentler sex. The performance was highly creditable to all concerned, including Professor Stanford, who conducted skilfully. Sir George Grove, the worthy Principal of the Royal College of Music, may be congratulated on the result of a movement that we believe originated with, or at least has been greatly promoted by, him.

The clever boy pianist Max Hambourg announced a second recital at Princes' Hall on July 21, when his programme comprised pieces in the classical and brilliant schools.

The subsidence of the myriad miscellaneous and benefit concerts, which have long prevailed to an unprecedented extent, will be welcomed by all who have at heart the true interests of music. With some special exceptions, such concerts have no intrinsic value, and some are only justified by being the medium of obtaining aid in furtherance of charitable purposes, such as the recent concert given in behalf of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which benefited thereby to the extent of about £900. Another concert with a similar laudable purpose was that organised on July 14, in aid of the Home of Rest for Horses.

## MARRIAGES.

Lord Loughborough, eldest son of the Earl of Rosslyn, was married to Violet Aline, younger daughter of Mr. K. C. Vyner of Fairfield, Yorkshire, in St. Michael's Church, Chester-square, on July 19, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Princess Victoria of Teck. Mr. Gladstone also attended the ceremony, at which a large and distinguished congregation assembled. The bridesmaids were the Ladies Sybil and Angela St. Clair Erskine, sisters of the bridegroom; Lady Anne Lambton, Miss Musgrave, Miss Rachel Gurney, and Miss Fleming. The Earl of Chesterfield accompanied the bridegroom as best man. The bride was led to the chancel by her father, who afterwards gave her away. The wedding presents numbered about 400. The Prince of Wales presented the bride with a trefoil moonstone-and-diamond brooch, and to the bridegroom he gave a sapphire-and-diamond pin; the Princess of Wales's gift to the bridegroom was a silver-mounted claret-jug.

The marriage of Captain Gore-Browne, 60th Rifles, son of Sir Thomas Gore-Browne, and Lady Muriel Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, of Dunmore Park, Falkirk, was solemnised on July 16, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The ceremony was of a private character, no invitations being issued.

The marriage of Mr. Randolph Kingscote, R.E., son of Sir Nigel and Lady Emily Kingscote, and Miss Florence Boehm, daughter of Sir Edgar Boehm, the eminent sculptor, was solemnised on the 16th at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, South Kensington. The bride was given away by her father; and the four bridesmaids were Miss Boehm, Miss Kingscote, Miss Cissy Hanbury, and Miss Rosa Stainforth; Viscount Drumlanrig attending the bridegroom as best man.

The marriage of Professor Stuart, M.P., with Miss Laura G. Colman, eldest daughter of Mr. J. J. Colman, the Liberal member for Norwich, took place on the 16th, at the Princes-street Congregational Church, Norwich. Mr. Colman gave his daughter away, and Mr. George Butler acted as "best man." Six bridesmaids attended the bride—Miss Ethel Colman, Miss Helen Colman, Miss Florence Colman, sisters of the bride, Miss Edith Cozens-Hardy, Miss Gladys Cozens-Hardy, and Miss Winifrid Willans, cousins of the bride.

At a meeting of the Mersey Dock Board a scheme was passed for the expenditure of over half a million sterling in the improvement and deepening of the docks.

Mr. Thomas Bryant, F.R.C.S., Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, has been elected president for the ensuing year.

The annual show of the Notts Agricultural Society has been held in Wollaton Park, Nottingham, the seat of Lord Middleton. The Duke of Portland, president of the society, was a successful exhibitor of horses and cattle. The champion prize for the best bull, given by the Duke of Portland, was awarded to Colonel J. Reeve of Leadenham, Grantham.

## THE HUDSON RIVER.

Our cousins across the Atlantic are justly proud of the American Rhine, which discharges itself, after a picturesque course of three hundred and fifty miles, into the magnificent Bay of New York. The river takes its name from its discoverer in 1609. Hudson had several times tried to find a north-west or a north-east passage to China and India. Failing in this, he was the first European to sail up the beautiful river now so well known. Vague rumours had reached him of the great chain of inland lakes, but he never saw them. In the following year he was abandoned in an open boat, among the ice-fields of the Northern seas, by a mutinous crew, with his son and a few disabled men. Nothing was ever heard of them, and they must have perished miserably. His name is perpetuated not only in the river but in Hudson's Strait, in Hudson's Bay, and in the great fur-trading company which for generations monopolised the vast territory of the North-West. Nearly two centuries after he discovered the Hudson River it was navigated, in 1807, by Robert Fulton, in the first steam-boat.

At the present time, the broad stream that debouches at New York bears on its surface ships from all parts of the world. The scene is as busy and animated as Liverpool or Glasgow, or the Pool at London Bridge. The water is so deep that the huge ocean steamers can arrive at and leave their berths at any state of the tide. Long jetties are built out at right angles to the banks, to accommodate the leviathans of the Atlantic, some of these being nearly six hundred feet from stem to stern. Gigantic ferry-boats cross the river every few minutes from various points on the New York shore to Hoboken, Jersey City, and other places on the opposite bank of the river, in New Jersey State, or to the various islands in the Bay. Coasting and sea-going ships of all sizes, under steam or sail, perpetually come and go in this great port; around which nearly three millions of people are now congregated for purposes of trade and industry. The tide runs up nearly in a straight line as far as Troy, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Though the last third of that portion is somewhat shallow, large steamers and freight boats, of light draught, navigate the river for about eight months of the year.

There are two ways of seeing the Hudson. On each bank is a railroad, one being the famous New York Central, and the other one the West Shore. Both follow the course of the stream as far as Albany, but the former is the more romantic. A preferable mode of seeing the river is by steamboat, at any rate as far as Newburgh or Hudson City. The former is sixty miles, and the latter is double that distance, from New York. Several steamers ply between, and there is both a day and a night service to Albany and Troy. These boats are floating palaces, and are noted for speed and comfort. They are built high out of the water, with a lofty promenade deck commanding extensive views. Leaving New York at nine in the morning, Albany is usually reached at six or seven in the evening. On a fine day there is a continuous panorama of surpassing loveliness and rugged grandeur. The breadth of the river at its mouth approaches a thousand yards.

Numerous towns and villages dot the banks. In winter, the ice harvest represents millions of dollars. In summer, fruits and vegetables are grown in enormous quantities for the city. All the year there is a great demand for dairy produce; and flour-mills, saw-mills, iron-works, and other manufactories are in full swing at numerous centres of industry. Dutch and Indian names are curiously interspersed, carrying the mind back to many a historic scene and conflict. Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, Cole, the painter, General Putnam, Major André, General Washington, and many other celebrities, have local associations with this river. Near to New York are the famous Palisades, so called from their columnar formation, somewhat resembling the Giant's Causeway, although the rock is trap, not basaltic. They stretch along for nearly twenty miles, and are three hundred feet above the stream. Fort Lee stands at one point, and nearly opposite is Fort Washington. Both are associated with the Revolutionary era, and near by, and at other places, are reminiscences of that struggle.

Beyond the Palisades, and at different spots, the river suddenly widens into lagoons and inlets, sometimes two miles or more in width between the banks. At Sing Sing is the State prison, where sixteen hundred convicts are usually employed in the marble and limestone quarries. At Peekskill, forty-three miles from New York, the most romantic portion of the Hudson commences, known as the Highlands. Anthony's Nose, Sugar-loaf Mountain, Crownest, and the Storm King are the names of the chief elevations that spring close from the edge to heights ranging from eight to fifteen hundred feet. As the boat winds its way through this region, every few minutes opens up some fresh scene of beauty or of wonder. Sunset is a spectacle never to be forgotten. In the heart of this district, at West Point, is located the renowned Military Academy of the United States. Since 1802 it has trained a succession of able officers. The discipline and the examinations are severe, and none but young men of exceptional ability and character can hope to become qualified. Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, who served in the Republican Army in command of the Engineers, spent some time here, and a monument of white marble commemorates his services. Numerous Revolutionary relics are preserved there, and in the museum of Washington's Headquarters, at Newburgh.

In the last-named city many of the scenes in Fenimore Cooper's "Spy" are laid. It is a thoroughly representative American city of the better class; sufficient time having elapsed for consolidation and literary and social development. Fourteen miles farther, on the opposite bank, is another thriving city, Poughkeepsie, celebrated as the residence of Morse, the electrician, and as the spot where the great modern experiment of higher education for girls was commenced in Vassar College. Last year witnessed the successful completion of a gigantic engineering work, in a lofty suspension bridge to connect the railroads of New England with the vast coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Proceeding onwards, the historic names of the Astors, the Livingstons, and the De Peysters, are met with. The descendants of these men of wealth and renown occupy mansions on the river-bank, erected a century ago, and still containing furniture, books, and pictures then brought from London and Paris.

The Kaatskills, or Catskill Mountains, lend a charm to this part of the Hudson. Lying back five or six miles from the river, they run nearly parallel with it for about five-and-twenty miles. Rip Van Winkle had his famous nap at Sleepy Hollow, in this region. Viewed from one point of the river, near Hudson City, the Catskills present the appearance of a giant lying prone on his back. The forehead, nose, mouth, chin, breast, and knees are clearly traceable. The remaining thirty miles to Albany are of less interest, but the stream as a whole is full of beauty. It takes its rise in the Adirondacks, in the northern part of New York State, three hundred and twenty miles away, at an elevation eighteen hundred feet above the sea, in rocky-recesses where the ice of winter never melts entirely. But the reckless destruction of woods has affected the water-supply, and the "dumping" of street refuse into the harbour at New York has caused much damage to the channel.

W. H. S. A.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## A BIT OF SPONGE.

This morning, despite the promise of rain over-night, has broken with all the signs and symptoms of a bright July day. The Firth is bathed in sunlight, and the wavelets at full tide, are kissing the strand, making a soft musical ripple as they retire, and as the pebbles run down the sandy slope on the retreat of the waves. Beyond the farthest contact of the tide is a line of seaweed dried and desiccated, mixed up with which, in confusing array, are masses of shells, and such *olla podrida* of the sea. Tossed up at our very feet is a dried fragment of sponge, which, doubtless, the unkind waves tore from its rocky bed. It is not a large portion of sponge this, but its structure is nevertheless to be fairly made out, and some reminiscences of its history gleaned, for the sake of occupying the by no means "bad half-hour" before breakfast. "What is a sponge?" is a question which you may well ask as a necessary preliminary to the understanding of its personality. The questionings of childhood and the questionings of science run in precisely similar grooves. "What is it?" and "How does it live?" and "Where does it come from?" are equally the inquiries of childhood, and of the deepest philosophy which seeks to determine the whole history of life. This morning, we cannot do better than follow in the footsteps of the child, and to the question "What is a sponge?" I fancy science will be able to return a direct answer.

First of all, we may note that a sponge, as we know it in common life, is the horny skeleton or framework which was made by, and which supported, the living parts. These living parts consist of minute masses of that living jelly to which the name of *protoplasm* has been applied. This, in truth, is the universal matter of life. It is the one substance with which life everywhere is associated, and as we see it simply in the sponge, so also we behold it (only in more complex guise) in the man. Now, the living parts of this dried cast-away sponge were found both in its interior and on its surface. They lined the canals that everywhere permeate the sponge-substance, and microscopic examination has told us a great deal about their nature. For, whether found in the canals of the sponge themselves, or imbedded in the sponge-substance, the living sponge-particles are represented each by a semi-independent mass of protoplasm. So that the first view I would have you take of the sponge as a living mass, is, that it is a colony and not a single unit. It is composed, in other words, of aggregated masses of living particles, which bud out one from the other, and manufacture the supporting skeleton we know as "the sponge of commerce" itself. Under the microscope, these living sponge-units appear in various guises and shapes. Some of them are formless, and, as to shape, ever-altering masses, resembling that familiar animalcule of our pools we know as the *Amoeba*. These members of the sponge-colony form the bulk of the population. They are imbedded in the sponge-substance; they wander about through the meshes of the sponge; they seize food and flourish and grow; and they probably give origin to the "eggs" from which new sponges are in due course produced.

More characteristic, however, are certain units of this living sponge-colony which live in the lining membrane of the canals. In point of fact, a sponge is a kind of Venice, a certain proportion of whose inhabitants, like those of the famous Queen of the Adriatic herself, live on the banks of the waterways. Just as in Venice we find the provisions for the denizens of the city brought to the inhabitants by the canals, so from the water, which, as we shall see, is perpetually circulating through a sponge, the members of the sponge-colony receive their food. Look, again, at the sponge-fragment which lies before us. You perceive half a dozen large holes or so, each opening on a little eminence, as it were. These apertures, bear in mind, we call *oscula*. They are the exits of the sponge-dominion. But a close inspection of a sponge shows that it is riddled with finer and smaller apertures. These latter are the *pores*, and they form the entrances to the sponge-domain. On the banks of the canal you may see growing plentifully in summer time a green sponge, which is the common freshwater species. Now, if you drop a living specimen of this species into a bowl of water, and put some powdered indigo into the water, you may note how the currents are perpetually being swept in by the pores and out by the oscula. In every living sponge this perpetual and unceasing circulation of water proceeds. This is the sole evidence the unassisted sight receives of the vitality of the sponge-colony, and the importance of this circulation in aiding life in these depths, to be fairly carried out cannot readily be over-estimated.

Let us now see how this circulation is maintained. Microscopically regarded, we see here and there, in the sides of the sponge-passages, little chambers or recesses, which remind one of the passing-places in a narrow canal. Lining these chambers, we see living sponge-units of a type different from the shapeless specks we noted to occur in the meshes of the sponge-substance itself. The units of the recesses each consist of a living particle, whose free extremity is raised into a kind of collar, from which projects a lashlike filament known as a *flagellum*. This lash is in constant movement. It waves to and fro in the water, and the collection of lashes we see in any one chamber acts as a veritable brush, which by its movement not only sweeps water in by the pores, but sends it onwards through the sponge, and in due time sends it out by the bigger holes, or oscula. This constant circulation in the sponge discharges more than one important function. For, as already noted, it serves the purpose of nutrition, in that the particles on which sponge-life is supported are swept into the colony. Again, the fresh currents of water carry with them the oxygen gas which is a necessity of sponge-existence, as of human life; while, thirdly, waste matters, inevitable alike in sponge and in man as the result of living, are swept out of the colony, and discharged into the sea beyond. Our bit of sponge has thus grown from a mere dry fragment into a living reality. It is a community in which already, low as it is, the work of life has come to be discharged by distinct and fairly specialised beings.

The era of new sponge-life is inaugurated by means of egg-development, although there exists another fashion (that of gemmules or buds) whereby out of the parental substance young sponges are produced. A sponge-egg develops, as do all eggs, in a definite cycle. It undergoes division; its one cell becomes many; and its many cells arrange themselves first of all into a cup-like form, which may remain in this shape if the sponge is a simple one, or become developed into the more complex shape of the sponges we know. In every museum you may see specimens of a beautiful vase-like structure seeming made of spun-glass. This is a flinty sponge, the "Venus flower-basket," whose presence in the sponge family redeems it from the charge that it contains no things of beauty whatever. So, too, the rocks are full of fossil-sponges, many of quaint form. Our piece of sponge, as we may understand, has yet other bits of history attached to it which another day's talk may reveal. The breakfast bell warns us that science in another form (that of human nutrition) awaits our practical study. Meanwhile, think over the sponge and its ways, and learn from it that out of the dry things of life science weaves many a fairy tale.—ANDREW WILSON.





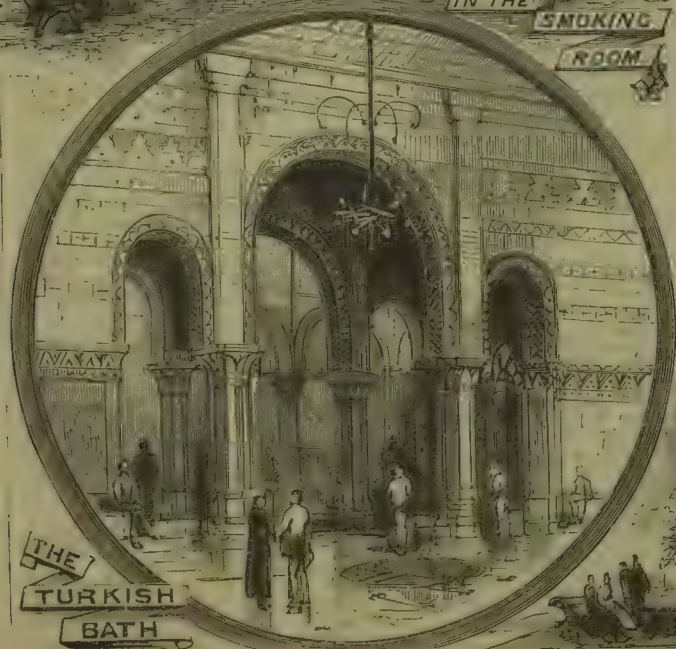
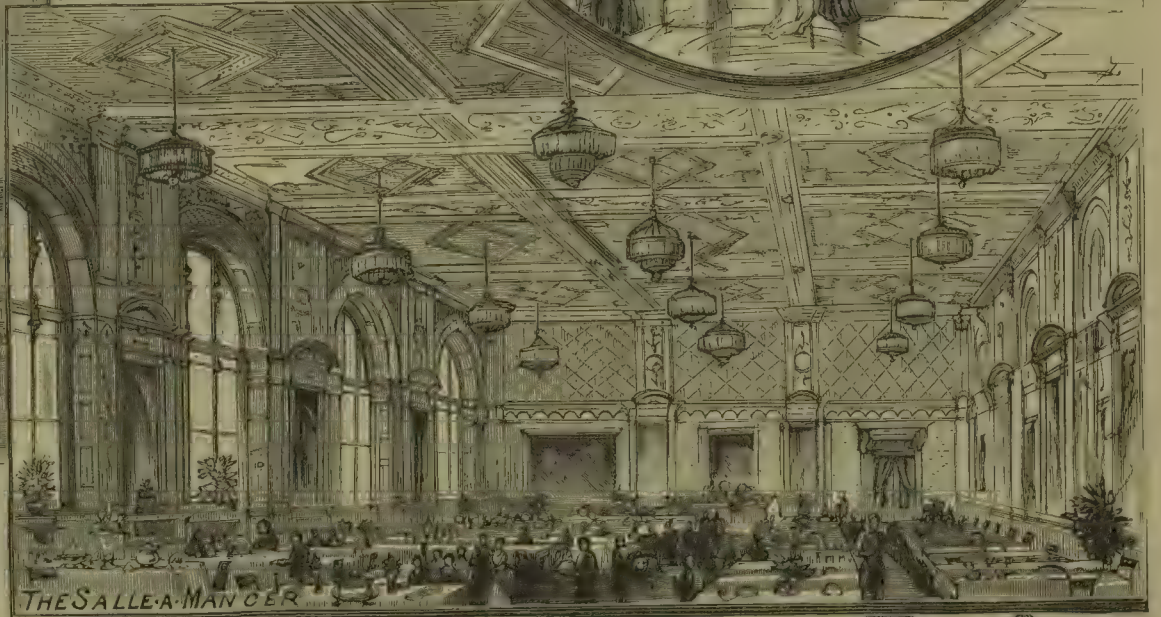
1. First Come, First Served. 2. Keep Your Distance. 3. Consultation. 4. A Flank Movement. 5. Successful Strategy. 6. Victory.

"TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE."





# HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE BRIGHTON







"VIATICUM."—BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



## THE HOTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

This new hotel, which was opened on Saturday, July 19, is the latest addition to the colossal establishments projected and carried on by the Gordon Hotels Company. It is designed to afford visitors to Brighton the same well-ordered entertainment as is provided at the Hôtels Métropole, Grand, and First Avenue in London, all of which were likewise furnished by Messrs. Maple and Co., of Tottenham Court-road.

The Hôtel Métropole occupies what is, perhaps, the finest position on the whole sea-front, being immediately to the east of the pier, and facing due south. The whole of the front windows thus command an uninterrupted prospect of the sea. There are no back-windows to look out, as is often the case with large buildings in towns, on dead walls, cisterns, and chimneys. The rooms in the rear command a pleasant prospect over the beautiful terraced Italian garden of the hotel.

The building, which is from the designs of the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., has been erected by Mr. Thomas Holloway, and is of pleasing architecture. The materials used are red brick and terra-cotta. The elevation has been so cleverly broken up that the effect is light and elegant. The hotel is entered from the main road, through a porte-cochère, from which the outer hall is gained; it is protected by a handsome storm-screen, with centre and side doors. The outer hall, which is of good proportions, has panelled marble walls, with an embossed material in dull Asiatic red above, and an enriched panelled ceiling. Here is the secretary's office, and also the luggage lift. Passing through a second and more elaborate screen, the inner hall is reached. This is fitted as a very comfortable lounge, and on the left are the passenger lifts. These rise to the topmost floors, and are fitted in Moorish style, and provided with the electric light. A feature here is a very fine grouping of marble pilasters, supporting the transverse arches, and dividing the hall into four parts, the whole forming a series 25 ft. wide and 20 ft. high, and extending from the main entrance to the Italian garden in the rear. Adjoining the garden entrance is a luxurious lounge, with soft roomy divans, and canopied seats to the windows.

On the right of the hall are the three public dining-rooms. The first, or South, dining-room has five large windows facing the sea, in each of which are radiators, designed to preserve an even temperature. This room is one of the finest in the whole building, and its decoration and furnishings display great taste. The Centre dining-room is separated from the South room by a screen of clear glass, while the North dining-room beyond is similarly treated, and so they form a series of rooms extending from the sea on the south side to the Italian garden and tennis-lawn on the north, and capable of seating upwards of five hundred guests at one time.

On the left or west side of the hall is the charming drawing-room, commanding a pleasant view of the pier and sea. The decorations and appointments here have been very carefully studied. The fine statuary marble chimney-piece is the work of the chisel of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe. This is surmounted by a very handsome Italian mirror, with electroliers on either side. At the north end of the drawing-room is an annexe forming an Oriental lounge, having a "framed-up Arabian ceiling," with stained-glass octagonal lights; while from the centre of each arch depend two Moorish lamps.

The library, in the rear of the drawing-room, with its interior in fumigated oak, is another handsome apartment, appointed to serve the purposes of a general sitting, writing, or conversation room. There is a most comfortable smoking-room, and a well-appointed billiard-room: below are the Turkish, Russian, plunge, and other baths, with luxuriously furnished apodyterium and Moorish divans.

The apartments on the upper floors are arranged in convenient sets of sitting-rooms, one or two or more bed-rooms, with bath-room and lavatory *en suite*; while at the western end of the corridors on each floor is a complete suite shut off by a glass screen, and thus giving all the absolute privacy of a residential flat. Every suite has a bath-room, with hot and cold fresh and sea water.

The State suite is a magnificent set of apartments in the very centre of the building, and arranged in anticipation of regal or other distinguished visitors, or for those who wish for more than ordinarily sumptuously appointed surroundings. The very fine cabinet here is a reproduction of one in the Palace at Fontainebleau. The dining-room adjoining is in the style of Louis XV.

Annexed to the hotel, with a separate entrance, are the Clarence Rooms, for public dinners, balls, or private theatricals, Freemasons' meetings, and other special engagements.

The Archbishop of York has left home for some weeks. Letters on important business should be addressed to the Archdeacons.

Mr. John Wilson, Gladstonian Liberal, has been returned for Mid-Durham, defeating his Conservative opponent, Mr. Adolphus Vane-Tempest, by a majority of 2094.

Lady Borthwick, on July 17, laid the foundation-stone of a new chapel for the Church of St. John the Baptist, Kensington, in the presence of a large gathering of laity and clergy. The Vicar has given £5000 towards the work.

Mr. Gladstone was present, on July 17, at the distribution of prizes by Mrs. Gladstone to the pupils at Burlington School, W., and made a speech on the great change which has taken place, during the last two generations, in the facilities for education available to women. While he thought that the changes so far had been good, and would himself go further in offering more of the advantages of University endowments to women, he strongly held that nothing could compare with the great influence of women as mothers in forming character.

The Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its usual monthly meeting (the last for the present session) on July 17, the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects—namely, building a new church at Grizebeck, St. Mary's, in the parish of Woodland, Lancashire, £15; rebuilding the churches at Denton, St. Mary's, near Darlington, £15; Southwark, St. Saviour's (the nave of), Surrey, £250; and Walsall, St. Paul's, Staffordshire, £150; and towards repairing All Saints' Church, Mattishall, near Dereham, £40. Grants were also made from the Mission Buildings Fund towards building mission churches at Luton, St. Saviour's, Bedfordshire, £15; Openwood Gate St. Mark, in the parish of Belper, Derby, £15; Miskin, at Mountain Ash, £15, and Lakenham, St. Mark, Norwich, £10. The following grants were also paid for works completed: Gillingham, St. Barnabas, Kent, £150; Harton Colliery, All Saints, near South Shields, £75; Kingston, SS. Michael and All Angels, Hereford, £40; Alkerton, St. Michael, near Banbury, £30; Rodmersham, Kent, £25; Llansilin, near Oswestry, £60; Llanfairisgaer, St. Mary, near Bangor, £25; Corsley, St. Margaret, near Warminster, £15; Pewsey, St. John the Baptist, Wilts, £40; Dinas, in the parish of Llantrisant, Glamorgan, £100; Darleston, St. George, Staffs., £20; and Hebburn-on-Tyne, St. John's, £5.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J. B. (Bombay).—We are always pleased to receive games for insertion provided they are up to our standard of publication.

MARTIN F. (Glasgow).—We have no desire to express an opinion. Deeds, not words, must decide the issue.

F. R. B. (Norwich).—We shall print the game you send shortly.

F. S. J. (Kennington).—The game is obviously in favour of White.

H. J. N. (Canterbury).—1. No. 2, No. 3, "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern" is one of the best for your purpose.

E. ARNOLD (King's-cross).—We regret you find our problems too difficult. A little perseverance, however, will soon put you in the way of cracking the hardest nut. You must remember we have to cater for experts, but we occasionally try to give beginners like yourself a fairly easy two-mover.

T. N. SMALLER. —B is wrong in his contention. A can promote the Pawn to any piece that best suits his purpose.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2406 and No. 2408 received from T. M. S. (Chingelput) and Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore Province); of No. 2407 from O. M. B. (Barkly, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2409 from Jacob Benjamin (Bombay); of No. 2411 from M. Mullendorff (Luxembourg) and J. T. Pullen (Launceston); of No. 2412 from J. T. Pullen, T. Huttlinger, E. G. Boys, J. Ross (Whitley), and F. Mullendorff (Liverpool); of No. 2413 from E. G. Boys, Edward Goodwin, T. Huttlinger, R. T. Maifs, Tortebesse, A. C. (Marselles), Allen E. Dams (Horsham), J. Plant (Bowdon), J. S. Cocks (Padiham), Captain J. A. Challice, E. W. Brook, F. Buttrago, M. Mullendorff, G. Episto Law, Delta, and J. S. King.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2414 received from F. Buttrago, Dr. F. St. T. Huttlinger, R. T. Maifs (Leatherhead), Alpha, J. Coad, Martin F. (Glasgow), E. Casella (Paris), W. Wright, Shadforth, N. Harris, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Dr. Waltz (Ostend), Julia Shore (Exeter), E. H. C. B. Perugini, T. N. Smallicie, R. Watters (Canterbury), J. G. Grant, T. G. (Ware), James Kibble, W. R. Rullem, E. Louden, J. S. Cocks, T. Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Columbus, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), R. H. Brooks, A. Gwinner, D. Jackson (Clapham), Herbert Chown (Brighton), M. Burke, F. R. T. Chandler, and R. Britten.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2412. By H. F. L. MEYER.

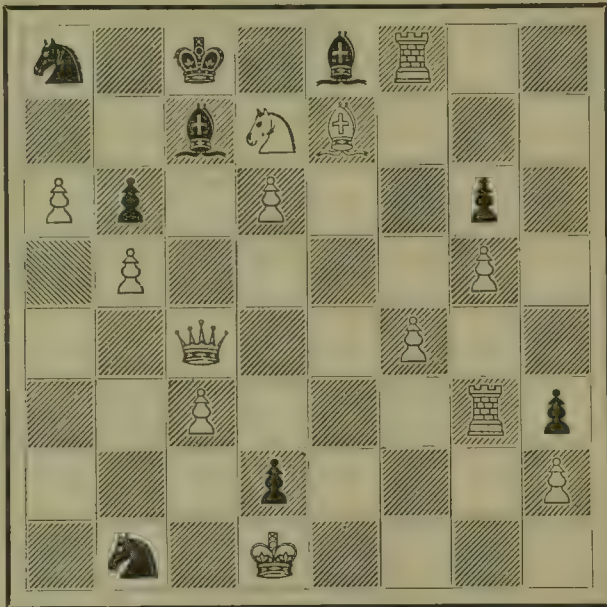
WHITE.  
1. R to Q Kt 7th  
2. P to R 6th  
3. Q to R 5th (mate)

BLACK.  
B moves  
Any move.

If Black play 1. P to K B 6th, 2. Q to K Kt 3rd; if 1. P to K 6th, 2. Q to K B 3rd; if 1. P to Q R 4th, 2. Q to K B sq; if 1. P to Q Kt 6th, 2. Q to Q B 3rd; and if 1. P to Q R 6th, then 2. Q to Q Kt 3rd, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2416.  
By SIGNOR ASPA.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in Simpson's Handicap between Messrs. GOSSIP and BIRD.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to K 4th	37. K to B 3rd	B to Q 4th (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	38. K to B 4th	B to K 3rd
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	39. R to Q B sq	R to Q 2nd
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd	40. B to B 6th	R to Kt 5th (ch)
5. B to Kt 2nd	Castles	41. R takes R	R P takes R
6. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th	42. K to Kt 5th	R to Q 4th
7. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	43. K to B 4th	R to Q 2nd
8. Kt to K 5th	Kt to Q Kt 5th	44. P to R 5th	K to K 3rd
		45. B to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd

This and the succeeding move look very much like loss of time, for what advantage is there in forcing the B to K 2nd?

9. B to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd  
10. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt  
11. P to Q 3rd P to Q 5th  
12. P to K 4th R to Kt sq  
13. Kt to Q 2nd B to R 3rd  
14. B to B sq Q to B 2nd  
15. P to K R 3rd K to R 2nd  
16. Q to K sq Q to R 4th  
17. Kt to B 3rd

The exchange of Queens—although there seems nothing better, as Black threatens Q to B 6th, &c.—leads to a dreary game.

18. R takes Q Q takes Q  
19. B to Q 2nd B to B 2nd  
20. P to Kt 3rd P to Kt 3rd  
21. K to Kt 2nd K to Kt sq  
22. P to K Kt 4th P to K R 4th  
23. P takes P Kt takes R P  
24. Kt to K 5th B takes Kt  
25. P takes B K to R 2nd  
26. R to K B sq P to B 4th  
27. B takes Kt P takes B  
28. P takes P P takes P  
29. B to Kt 5th B to K Kt sq  
30. R to B 4th R to K Kt 3rd  
31. P to K R 4th B to K 3rd  
32. K to B 2nd R to K Kt 3rd  
33. Q R to K Kt sq R to Q Kt 2nd  
34. K to K 2nd P to R 4th  
35. P to R 4th R to Q 2nd  
36. R (from B 4th) R (from Q 2nd) to K B sq to K Kt 2nd

We believe White should have won here by P to R 6th. If in answer R moves, then B to K 7th or Q 8th accordingly, and a P or two on Queen's side must fall. If B to Q 4th, 5th, R to R 4th, B to Kt 3rd; 57. B to B 6th &c., and if K to Kt 3rd, P to R 7th; R takes P, R takes R; K takes R, B to Q 8th; K to R 3rd, B takes R P; K R 4th, B to K sq, and wins.

55. K to Kt 2nd  
56. B to K sq R to R 2nd  
57. K to Kt 5th R to K B 2nd  
58. R to B sq K to R 2nd  
59. P to R 6th R to B sq  
60. R to K Kt sq P to B 5th  
61. B takes R P

By a series of weak moves at the end White has thrown away a game that he ought to have drawn with ease.

61. P to B 6th  
And White resigns.

## CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the Dublin Mail Tourney between Mr. S. KEIR, Huddersfield, and Mr. H. F. CHESHIRE, Hastings.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. P takes P	K takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		This loses a P. P takes P was the proper move.
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	16. Kt takes P	P takes Kt
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	17. B takes Kt	B to K B 4th
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	18. B takes B (ch)	K takes B
6. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	19. K R to K sq (ch)	K to B 2nd
7. Castles	Kt to Q B 4th	20. Kt to K 4th	Q R to Kt sq
		21. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q R to Q sq
		22. P to Q B 4th	K to Kt 3rd
			K R to Kt sq would have been more effective.
8. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	23. P to B 3rd	B takes Kt
9. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	24. R takes B	R to Q 7th
10. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	25. K to B sq	R to B 3rd
11. B to R 3rd	P to B 3rd	26. R to K 2nd	K R to Q 3rd
12. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 5th	27. Q R to K sq	Q R to Q 6th
		28. R to K 6th (ch)	K to B 4th
		29. Q R to K 5th (ch)	K to B 5th
		30. R to K 4th	K to B 4th
			And White announced mate in three moves.

Black dare not take the P, as he is fully occupied with defensive measures.

13. Q to B 4th (ch) Q to B 2nd  
14. Q takes Q (ch) K takes Q

Black cannot prevent the dislocation of his Pawns. He would have acted more

## "VIATICUM."

Mr. Julius Mendis Price, of whose Academy picture (hung in Gallery VI. at Burlington House) we give a reproduction this week, although by birth an Englishman, is distinctively French by art-training and temperament. He began his career some years ago in the *atelier* of Gérôme, the most accomplished teacher of the day, and from him learnt some of the self-confidence and boldness of touch that distinguish the French artist among his fellows. But Mr. Price soon found that there were others besides Gérôme who appealed even more strongly to his sympathies—and in the numerous works he has exhibited at the Paris Salon the influence of Millet, Daubigny, and especially of Jules Breton has become each year more evident.

The subject of the present picture is a familiar one to those whose steps have led them to Catholic countries and in unfrequented districts. In none more frequently than in Brittany does one meet the priest summoned to speed the simple believer on his last journey through the Valley of the Dark Shadow. To such a summons the Catholic priest never turns a deaf ear, and in all weathers and at all hours he may be met, accompanied by a guide or an acolyte, whose tinkling bell announces to the passers-by the errand on which he is bent. The Breton toilers on land and sea receive with reverent awe the warning which that bell conveys, and sink on their knees as the Viaticum passes by, saying a brief prayer for the soul which is about to be released from its labours, and to find its rest beyond the hardships of this world.

There lies not any troublous thing before,  
Nor sight nor sound to war against them more,  
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,  
All waters as the shore.

It is this frame of mind which the artist has attempted, and with success, to convey. In the grey watery sky there are still lingering signs of a storm, of which the fury may have been spent; and the grey sea mingles for a while in peaceful harmony with the grey skies. But the truce has not long been proclaimed, and the waves which now scarcely break the surface of the water a few hours ago were tossed in wild rage. The fishermen had gone sailing out into the deep when the sun went down, but ere that sun returned some houses were left desolate, some hearts were near to breaking. Bound on his errand of mercy and consolation, the village curé has set forth, and as he passes along the sandy shore, long familiar and filled with memories of many a like summons—

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

## GREAT ARTISTS.

*The Great Artists.* Vol. I., Millet, Rousseau, Diaz. Vol. II., Corot, Daubigny, Dupré. By John W. Mollett, B.A. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 1890.)—The "Barbizon School," as it has been fitly named, has not suffered from lack of literary recognition, and readers of art-biographies should by this time be well acquainted with the details of the lives of each member of that distinguished group of painters, who made their headquarters in the little village on the fringe of the great forest of Fontainebleau. Mr. Mollett, in his two handy volumes, of which the illustrations are the most noteworthy features, does little to add to our store of knowledge. He is content to follow the footsteps of M. Senzier, M. Dumesnil, M. Henriot, and others. As, however, the monographs of these biographers and critics are not always within reach of the English student, Mr. Mollett's handbooks will be found invaluable to those who desire to learn more of the various artists of the "Romantic" school of painting which flourished between 1830 and 1860, and exercised so powerful an influence upon French and foreign art, while it has reacted so strongly upon our national school that Mr. Mollett might have found an excuse for dwelling upon the influence of Constable and Bonington upon the French landscapists at somewhat greater length than he does in the single and scarcely appreciative quotation which he makes when speaking of Jules Dupré. One might almost think that Mr. Mollett sympathises with Fuseli's often-quoted saying, "I go to visit Constable. Bring me mine umbrella."

We must not, however, allow ourselves to be led away into any discussion of the aims and methods of the Barbizon school. We are, for the moment, concerned with its disciples as individuals. Perhaps the most striking general fact in connection with them is that they so thoroughly belong to the "nouvelle couche," which was just beginning to show its strength in politics, literature, and science. Jean François Millet was the son of a small peasant proprietor who lived near Cherbourg; Théodore Rousseau was the son of a Paris tailor in a small way of business; Corot's mother was a dressmaker; and Dupré's father kept a china-shop at Nantes. These and their comrades belonging to a similar rank in life were destined to uphold before the world their favourite doctrine, *Société nouvelle, art nouveau*, and through good report and evil—the latter greatly predominating—they devoted their lives and talents to the task of interpreting nature by the spirit of truth. How nobly they succeeded in their task can be partly realised by those who have seen such pictures as the "Angelus" or "The Sower," "The Spinner," or "The Mower" of Millet; the "Marais des Landes" or the "Lisière du Bois" of Rousseau (both in the Louvre); the numerous transcripts and variants of the "Etang de Ville d'Avray," by Corot; the studies on the banks of the Seine and Oise by Daubigny and Dupré. Of many of these the two little volumes present very good reproductions, and these are elucidated by the remarks of contemporary and subsequent critics, chiefly their own countrymen. From these we may learn how firm a hold the Romantics have taken upon French art; and we also gather from the excellent appendices which follow the biographical notices how thoroughly their works are appreciated by American collectors. Perhaps the most practical moral for ourselves to be drawn from these catalogues is the pressing necessity for our authorities at the National Gallery or South Kensington to obtain speedily some worthy specimens of a school which is destined to occupy a lasting place in the history of painting, and of which up to the present time hardly a single master is represented in our national collections.

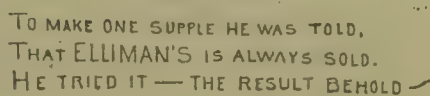
A miser, named Luke Reilly, eighty years of age, died at Drogheda recently, having been supported by public charity. The deceased had, it has been discovered, two thousand pounds.

The annual Gorsedd was held on July 24, at Swansea, to proclaim the National Eisteddfod of 1891. Upwards of £1000 will be distributed in prizes, made up as follows: music, £544 10s.; literature, £311; and arts, £198 10s.

The freedom of the City of London by redemption in the Worshipful Company of Coachmakers has been presented to L. F. Butler, London; John S. Foggett, Newcastle-on-Tyne; William Philipson, Newcastle-on-Tyne; J. W. Robertson, London; W. T. Casson, Great Malvern; and Thomas Coward, London, in recognition of their services to the trade, and their labours for the promotion of technical education.



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## THE RED-GROUSE.

The British Isles possess the most valuable gem in the diadem of ornithology. No other country in the world can boast of a feathered species that affords amusement to so many or yields to the proprietor of lands a greater revenue than the red-grouse. Sport in the Scottish Highlands has proved an irresistible attraction to natives of almost every clime. French noblemen, American millionaires, swarthy Princes from the land of the tiger, and the *Ovis ammon* swell the tide of English sportsmen that rolls northwards every year as autumn draws nigh. It has not been always so. Grouse-shooting on an extensive scale is a modern pastime. When Pennant wrote an account of his tour, the Highlands were almost as unknown even in England as the "Darkest Continent" is to-day. At that period travelling was expensive, and, what is still more unbearable to the wealthy, extremely tedious; accommodation also was inferior in a country then believed to be infested with myriads of roving banditti. Sportings were seldom or never leased, and were valueless save as sources of diversion and producers of luscious items of the *menu* to their owners—ay, and to their neighbours, every one of whom was a keen shot. As recently as the middle of the present century, moors could be rented at one twentieth of their current value. It was nothing unusual then to lease the right of sporting over a whole parish for an outlay of little over £100. The antithesis between the past and the present does not end here. The contrast is perceptible in nothing else more than it is in the rank and station of the followers of Nimrod themselves. Fifty years ago, excepting a few instances, sport was restricted to proprietors, aristocrats, and scions of aristocratic families—patricians with an inherited love for the hillside, or maybe in search of a specific wherewith to lubricate the wheels of time and assassinate the dread enemy *ennui*. All this has been changed. The devotees of the fowling-piece are no longer *sui generis*. Professional and business men, even tradesmen, typical of the celebrated Jorrocks—the offspring of a robust Sabine race—participate in the pursuit of the grouse, in "the land of the mountain and the flood," with as much enjoyment as if to these customs and manners born. In their train follow a host of gunmakers, sporting tailors, and what not, prepared to supply every requisite that can be of utility, or maybe to gratify a transitory whim or caprice. The good old régime has, alas! vanished.

The bird at whose shrine so many worship and sacrifice so much, of the whole sporting avifauna occupies by choice the loftiest hills, though never the summits of mountains. On the advent of winter, many collect in packs, others migrate to lower grounds; and during the prevalence of prolonged rigorous weather, which occurs at intervals of years, scores desert the moors entirely, to seek milder temperature and food, on stubbles, hedgerows, and, indeed, on coniferous trees. The red-grouse is the most prescient of all birds, including the song-thrush, from whose mellow throat a wealth of notes pours whenever instinct—that mysterious power of animal guidance—teaches it to detect portents of the approaching storm. Long before the elements begin to war, or fleecy flakes to fall, grouse grow restless, flit from hillock to hillock, from ridge to valley, the cocks crowing frequently and shrilly. Though adapted by nature to exist in the climate they live in, they suffer, like other organisms, from the ordeal of a protracted severe season. Should winter, on the other hand, be propitious, they maintain condition and continue edible throughout, pair earlier, and are more prolific. I may allude,

*en passant*, to a fact of which some writers for the sporting press appear to be in blissful ignorance—that Scotch grouse were sold in the London market as late as the month of March, not so many years ago. Unlike black-game and wood-grouse, they detest the marital practices of the Mormons, and adhere with unwavering adhesion to the tenets of the monogamic creed. They pair early in spring. The place of nidification is generally in a clump of heather, though they frequently build, in exposed situations, among short heath. The nest is devoid of the architectural design which most of the bird tribe, from the twittering swallow to the eagle, display in the construction of the family mansion. The clutch of a healthy red-grouse varies from eight to fourteen, and sometimes fifteen, in number. The eggs are mottled with dark-brown spots on a reddish ground, and accord in colour with their surroundings. This provision of nature obviates the necessity of covering them during the bird's absence—a precaution which ducks, who lay light-coloured eggs, invariably observe. Should untoward circumstances—as a snowstorm, which forces them to forsake the nest, or the attack of enemies, quadruped and biped—occur, most of the eggs will hatch. Those of the West Highlands breed earlier than those of the Northern and Eastern counties; still, to find poults much sooner than May 20 is an exceptional experience, though chicks ten days old were discovered by Lord Ribblesdale's keeper in 1794 on March 5, on his Lordship's moor near Pendlehill. They vacate their first home on completion of incubation. Both parents accompany the tender cherubs, which at this stage are not unlike pure-bred black Brahma chickens in their feathered hose, only that fulvous red enters largely into the composition of the colour of infantine grouse. In infancy they feed on insects, grasshoppers, tender shoots of heath, herbs, and plants. Colonel Montagu recommends for young grouse, hatched in an aviary and hand-fed, alum curd or hard-boiled egg as substitutes for the eggs of ants and insects, to which they are partial in the native state. As they increase in size they require more substantial sustenance, and indulge in a varied bill of fare. The *pièce de résistance* includes the different kinds of heather, shoots of willow and *Galium saxatile*, carices, *Empetrum nigrum*, tender tops of cotton-grass, black and red wortle, cran and other berries; but now these are much less numerous than when the aborigines of the North fed on them and dyed their bodies with their juices. For white quartz, which probably acts in the dual capacity of a tonic and an aid to the gizzard in grinding the fibres of heath, they have a penchant, in common with turkeys and other gallinaceous birds. Heath has a tendency to parch, and this, together with their habits of "preening" and washing themselves, explains their love for abundance of water. On arid moors, long-continued drought, should it occur before the covey can fly to a distance, proves fatal to many; still, excessive humidity is almost as destructive of life. Grounds provided with perennial springs and watercourses—*ceteris paribus*—yield a larger crop of birds than a locality where quantities of stagnant waters abound. It is probably on account of drier climate and situation as much as any other *desiderata* that the best grouse exist beyond the Firth of Forth.

When surprised, juvenile grouse betake themselves to cover; but when a few weeks old they take wing, and if from an acclivity volitate down hill for a short distance. Their foes are counted by the score. The dusky raven, the hooded and carrion crow, even the cunning rook, which pretends to lead a frugal existence as the farmer's friend, sneaks quietly up

hill when he thinks no one is watching him; the falconidae, too numerous to mention, stoats, and weasels—all combine to make gaps in their ranks. Heavy snows and thunder-showers are exceedingly inimical conditions of weather, but, fortunately for the preserver, they do not prevail every day; and the ravages of disease, when it occurs in a virulent form, are deplorable in the extreme. They grow by leaps and bounds, and those hatched in May and early in June are fully fledged and in prime flesh by Aug. 12. The red-grouse of some parts bear certain external characteristics by which they may be distinguished from those of other localities. The inhabitants of the east and north are darker in colour and larger than the denizens of the west. The birds of Wales are plump and of a lighter shade of plumage, while the tenants of the fens of Yorkshire are considered the smallest members of the family. Among most plainly dressed birds both sexes bear a close resemblance to each other, and it requires an experienced eye to discern their prominent distinguishing features. This is eminently true of the species of which we treat. The hen is smaller than the cock, and the red and brown tints of the feathers are of a lighter hue. Both are adorned with a crescent-shaped and brilliantly red-coloured page of skin above the eyes. That which lends superior beauty to the male is larger than that which graces the female bird, and is fringed at the upper margin. Most people prefer to masticate young rather than old grouse, which are inclined to be tough. To recognise the tender youthful grouse in a poulterer's window is not an easy task, unless difference of size, which perhaps is as great an objection as patriarchal years, serves to instruct, or, may be, to warn the purchaser. A test, which in nine out of every ten instances is infallible, is to catch the point of the lower mandible between the thumb and the index finger, when, if it be a bird of the year, that section of the bill will be broken by the weight of the body when suspended. The average weight of hens is about fifteen, of cocks nineteen ounces, though grouse of twenty-two and twenty-four ounces are not uncommon, and Pennant, in his treatise on zoology, records that he heard of one killed in Yorkshire which scaled as many as twenty-nine.

As already indicated, the revenue obtained from Scotch grouse alone amounts to several hundred thousand pounds, and, together with that derived from deer-forests, to upwards of £800,000 per annum. Countless thousands find remunerative employment in connection with them; commerce and carriers by land and water are greatly benefited by the influx of so large a number of the richer classes. Therefore the institution of any enactment which will impair the existing universally beneficial conditions of sport must result in irreparable loss to a country which, though not impoverished, can scarcely be described as opulent. The threatened baneful measure of unpatriotic politicians is not the only calamity which is to be dreaded. Foreign countries are entering into competition, and are offering inducements which tend to awaken the Briton's latent love of adventure, and combine the allurements of big game with scenery and customs which cannot fail to appeal as novelties to those who find that the home-grown products no longer yield the excitement they were wont to do. The elk wilderness of Norway, the greater part of which is tenanted by British sportsmen at an aggregate rental of upwards of £60,000, will serve as an example. It is useless to mourn over that which cannot be repaired or prevented; but the British Parliament can and ought to protect British interests.—D. A. M.

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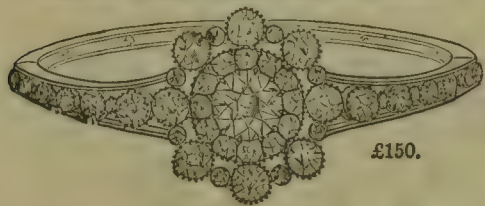
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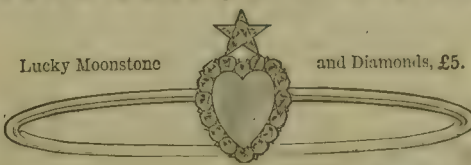
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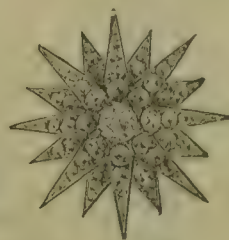
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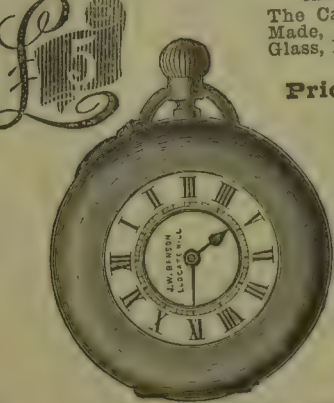
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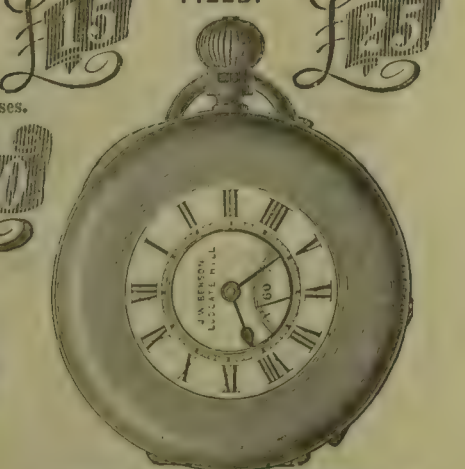
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For Ladies' Column, see page 122; Wills and Bequests, page 124.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

On July 16 and 17 the Westminster Townhall was the scene of a most interesting conference called by the Women's Franchise League. The subjects for discussion were, on the first evening, the Position of Women in all Countries; on the second evening, the Programme of the Women's Franchise League. Doubtless there are some of my readers to whom these topics will not appeal. But as I know that there are very many who will feel with me the deep interest and importance of this gathering, those for whom I so often cater in lighter ways will, I hope, forgive me for devoting my space this week to the more serious and higher side of our feminine interests.

Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., presided over the first sitting, and on that day only foreigners spoke. It was pleasant to hear the representative of one country after another say either that his (or her) countrywomen were almost as fortunate as Englishwomen, or else that they were following in the footsteps of Englishwomen in hope and effort. It is no light thing to know that, though we British women are still not treated quite justly by the law, and not left quite free to do the best we can with our lives by the customs of our land, nevertheless we are the most free and the most fortunate women on the face of the globe. It is a happiness to know that this is the case, because it makes us prouder than ever to be the daughters and wives of Englishmen; and it is a happiness, because we may well believe that, as England has led the world in religious and political freedom, so it will be in this matter also, and that our advance does but pioneer that of our sisters all the world around.

According to the foreign delegate speakers, America and

Scandinavia are the countries next most fortunate to England for women to be born into. Mrs. Cady Stanton, who spoke for America (followed by Mrs. Belva Lockwood, a barrister practising in the Washington Supreme Court), is one of the most beautiful old ladies imaginable. Her snow-white hair, soft and glossy as spun silk, is arranged in little loose *rouleaux* along her broad brow; she is in her seventy-fourth year, but looks perfectly vigorous, and speaks firmly and clearly. She told with great joy that not only are all professions and nearly all means of education in America equally open to women and men, but even that recently the vote has been given to women in a fully fledged State. The Territory of Wyoming, which has an area of 96,000 square miles, has just fulfilled the conditions necessary to become a State, and has been admitted to the Union. For twenty years past women had voted, and filled all public offices in the Territory, including sitting on juries and being Justices of the Peace, with such success that nobody of influence in Wyoming has desired to take away from them the exercise of these rights and privileges. Accordingly, Wyoming has been admitted with women voters, and now there is one State in the American Union, a portion of the earth's surface larger than Great Britain, in which to be of the mother sex is not made a reason for deprivation of any civil and political duties and rights.

There were many French delegates present at the conference, and the speakers for that nation were Madame Martin, whose English was perfect, and who gave encouraging facts about the education of women in France; M. Sarrazin, who told of a successful communistic association at Guise, where absolute equality between the sexes has worked well for years; and Madame Chéliga-Loévy, whose address was not a practical budget of facts, but an eloquent appeal for the solidarity of

women in all countries—for the feeling of sisterhood which should make every woman feel it a shame to her to cry, "I have all the rights I want," while she knows well that, legally and socially, other women suffer from bad laws and institutions. Miss Hagemann gave a rather sad account of the position of women in Germany, where not one University is open to women, and where political influence is considered so outside their sphere that there does not even exist a society of women making a claim for the suffrage. Countess Schack, however, spoke more cheerily, declaring that, though higher education is, indeed, closed, elementary schools for girls are better in Germany than in England, and that there are many favourable signs for women. M. Bajer, a member of the Danish Parliament (who spoke in French), and M. Borg, a member of the Swedish Parliament (whose speech was translated by Mr. Steffan), both told us that in those Scandinavian nations from which we in this country have to some extent sprung the position of women is not far inferior to our own. Among the other speeches was a very touching one by an Armenian, as to the outrages suffered by the women of his nation under Turkish rule—a picture which, while it wrung one's heart by its pathos, yet emphasised by contrast the state of freedom and elevation to which women have attained elsewhere, and which, therefore, we may have faith and hope, must be attained at last everywhere.

On the second evening, the English position was exclusively taken into consideration, and Mr. Haldane, Q.C., and Miss Cobden were among the speakers. The Women's Franchise League has for its object: "To obtain for all women equal civil and political rights with those enjoyed by men." It does not review the whole field of English law and practice,

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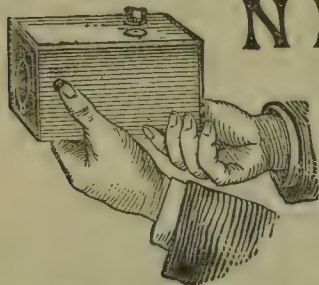
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As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the most frequented of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

## AIX-LES-BAINS.—Grand Hôtel Bernascon

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## LAUSANNE.—Hôtel Gibbon. View of Lake

Geneva and Alps. Splendid garden, shady terraces. Where Gibbon wrote his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Drainage perfect. Favourable terms.—EMILE KITTEN, Prop.

## LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and

Lucernhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 600 rooms; no charge for lighting or service.  
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## LUCERNE.—Pension New Schweizerhaus.

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The Grand HOTEL KURSAAL. Contains over 250 bedrooms, spacious and magnificent salons, lawns, tennis courts, sun pavilions and shelter, glass-covered galleries, lift, band, electric light, English system of drainage. Boating, picnics, level promenades. English resident physician. English church. Apply for terms and particulars to  
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## MILAN.—Hôtel de Rome. Admirably

situated, full south, near the Cathedral, Galleries, and principal objects of interest. Well recommended for its comfort and moderate charges. Branch House—Hôtel Biscione and Bellevue.  
 BORELLA FRIKES.



and demand violent changes everywhere at once: it is content to indicate a few measures as immediate steps towards the end of the principle of equality. What these are will be seen in the resolutions passed on the second day.

The first day's resolutions ran as follows:—  
 "That this Conference is of opinion: 1. That the disabilities, disqualifications, and restrictions imposed by law and custom upon women, as compared with men, are unjust, injurious, and degrading to women, and are also, directly and indirectly, a grave and lasting detriment to men and to society generally. 2. That the development of civilisation and the progress of humanity individually and collectively render it imperative to accord to men and women equal access to the opportunities of life—political, social, and industrial. 3. That it is, therefore, just and necessary to place men and women in a position of equality in respect of public and personal rights and duties. 4. That urgent need, accordingly, exists for women to obtain on the same conditions as men: *a.* Right to elect and to be elected to all public bodies—parliamentary, municipal, and local; *b.* Rights of property, contract, succession to property, divorce, custody of children; *c.* Admission to education—elementary, technical, and higher—to the professions, and to industrial occupations. 5. That it be referred to the Executive Committee of the league to take such national and international action as may be found possible in order to give practical effect to the above resolutions, and for that purpose to enter into communication with the International Committee appointed by the International Council of Women held in Washington, 1888, and at Paris, 1889, in order to arrange for continuous and concentrated international work."

Second night's resolutions:—  
 "That this Conference approves of the Programme of the Women's Franchise League, which proposes to secure for women the full rights of citizenship, and to apply to men and women in all the relations of life—public, social, industrial, and personal—the principle of equal and impartial justice. That this conference further approves of the measures promoted by the League, being: *a.* Mr. Haldane's Women's Disabilities Removal Bill (which provides that women, whether married or single, possessing whatever qualifications would suffice to entitle men to vote or fill any office, shall not be refused the vote or the place merely because they are women); *b.* Dr. Hunter's Law of Divorce Amendment Bill, to give to husband and wife equal rights of divorce; *c.* Sir Horace Davey's Devolution of Estates Bill, to simplify and equalise the law relating to the devolution of estates; *d.* Proposed Amendment of the Guardianship of Infants Act 1886, to give to mother and father equal rights in respect of the guardianship of their children. That this Conference further pledges itself to use its best endeavours to obtain wherever, and as speedily as possible, the adoption of enactments framed on the lines of the foregoing principles and measures."

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Lord Mostyn has returned 10 per cent. to his agricultural tenantry in Denbighshire and Carnarvonshire.

A project is on foot, and has been satisfactorily received, to erect a bust of Richard Jefferies, the prose poet of the Wiltshire Downs, in Salisbury Cathedral. The estimated cost of the work is £150. The Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Mr. Walter Pollock, Mr. Rider Haggard, and others have formed themselves into a committee, with Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. C. Longman as hon. secretaries, and Mr. Arthur Kingslake as treasurer, to carry out the arrangements.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1889) of Mr. Ralph Henry Cole, late of Paignton, Devon, who died on May 15 last, was proved on July 15, by Mrs. Margaret Cole, the widow, William Robert Cole, and Roger Henwood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £59,000. The testator gives his plate, pictures, books, furniture, wines, and other household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £100 to each of his executors, Mr. Cole and Mr. Henwood; and the fee farm rent charge arising out of the Carthen estate, Cornwall, to his son who shall first attain twenty-one. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife, to be reduced to £500 if she marries again, for life, and, subject thereto, for his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1884) of Dame Frances Parthenope Verney, late of 4, South-street, Park-lane, and of Claydon House, Bucks, who died on May 12 last, was proved on July 7 by Alfred Bonham Carter and William Bachelor Coltman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testatrix gives £500 per annum to her sister, Miss Florence Nightingale, and some other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her husband, the Right Hon. Sir Harry Verney, Bart.

The will (dated Sept. 17, 1884), with two codicils (dated June 8, 1889, and Feb. 6, 1890), of Mr. John Dodson, late of Littledale Hall, Lancashire, and of Littledale, Eastbourne, who died on April 23 last, has been proved at the Lancaster District Registry by Arthur Leatham Plumptre Dodson, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testator gives £200 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Dodson; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for her, for life. At her death, he gives his residence at Eastbourne, with the furniture and effects, to his said son Arthur; and settles Littledale Hall and his estates in Lancashire so that his said son takes the first life interest. The furniture and effects at Littledale Hall are to go therewith. Out of the residue of his personal estate provision is made for his son Charles Edward and his grandsons John Salisbury Lister and Arthur Ranken; and the income of the remainder is to be paid to his son Arthur, for life. At his death, £2000 is to go to the person who shall succeed to the settled estate, and the ultimate residue as his son Arthur shall appoint.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1889) of Mr. Henry Dyne, late of Burton, Somersetshire, who died on Feb. 6 last, was proved on July 12 by William Muller and John Colledge, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. In addition to other gifts to her, testator leaves his residence and £800 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Susan Sarah Dyne, for life; and there are legacies to his executors, late clerks, and servants. The income of his residuary real and personal estate is to accumulate until the death of his wife, or twenty-one years after his death. On the death of his wife there are gifts of houses and lands, presentation plate, and pecuniary legacies to nephews, nieces, and others, including the advowson and perpetual right of presentation to the parish of Evercreech and the rectorial tithe-rent charge to his nephew William Tilden Dyne. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves to his wife's nephew and his nephew William Muller.

The will (dated April 4, 1882), with a codicil (dated Jan. 23, 1888), of the Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Alicia Handcock, late of

5, South Eaton-place, who died on April 1 last, was proved on July 15 by Lord Chelmsford and Major-General the Hon. Charles Wemyss Thesiger, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testatrix gives the lease of her residence, in South Eaton-place, with the furniture and effects, articles of personal use and ornament, cash in the house and at her banker's, to her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Henrietta Thesiger, and appoints to her £4000 out of the trust funds under her marriage settlement; and certain presentation plate, formerly belonging to her late husband, to her son-in-law, the said Charles Wemyss Thesiger, for life, then to his son George Handcock Thesiger, for life, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one. The residue of her real and personal estate and the remainder of the trust funds under her marriage settlement she leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of £6000 to the said Charles Wemyss Thesiger, for life, and, subject thereto, for all his children by her late daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth, each of the sons to take nine equal parts and each of the daughters six equal parts.

The will (dated July 3, 1877) of Mr. Charles Robert Carter Petley, J.P., late of Riverhead, near Sevenoaks, Kent, who died on May 23 last, was proved on July 9 by Mrs. Martha Petley, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. With the exception of a conditional annuity to an old servant, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated May 13, 1875), with a codicil (dated Dec. 10, 1885), of Mrs. Mary Louisa Burgess, late of Sandwell House, West-end, Hampstead, who died on May 22, was proved on July 8 by James Leigh Aspinwall, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and the Cancer Hospital, Fulham-road, Brompton; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her estate she gives to her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Aspinwall.

The will (dated March 13, 1886) of General William Binfield Wemyss, late of Highfield House, St. Catherine's, Guildford, who died on May 24 last, was proved on July 9 by Miss Caroline Binfield Wemyss, the daughter, and Lieut.-General Henry Man, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income to his two daughters, Caroline Binfield Wemyss and Elizabeth Georgina Gordon Wemyss, for their lives, or until their marriage, with benefit of survivorship; and on the death of the survivor, or the marriage of the last one, equally to all his children.

During the week ending July 19 fourteen steamers landed live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports, bringing a collective supply of 4032 cattle, 1070 sheep, and 16,138 quarters of beef. As compared with the arrivals of the previous week, these show a decrease of 135 cattle and 687 sheep, but an increase of 4904 quarters of beef.

Mr. Henry Irving presided on July 18 at a meeting, held at the gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists, in support of the new Fine Art Gallery for South London, and said it was difficult to measure the debt owed by South London to Mr. Rossiter. He hoped the authorities of South Kensington would co-operate by lending some of their possessions, and that the noble gift to which he had referred would be a stimulus to public liberality.

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**FOR PURITY,  
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For MARKED DISTINCTION from Saline Preparations in which Alkaline elements, so irritating to the Digestive Organs, unduly predominate.

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matchless for the  
hands and complexion

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For preserving the Complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from  
redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the  
finest Soap in the world.

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## Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

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Senior Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

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"that none have answered so well or proved so beneficial  
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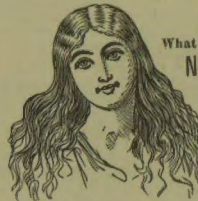
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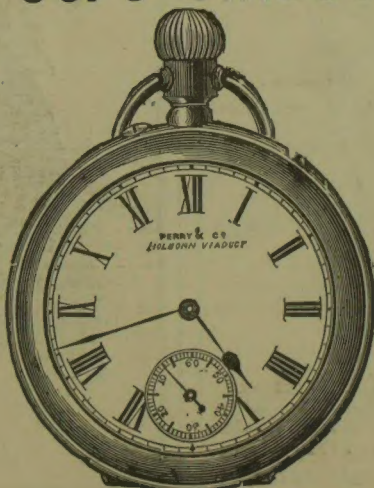
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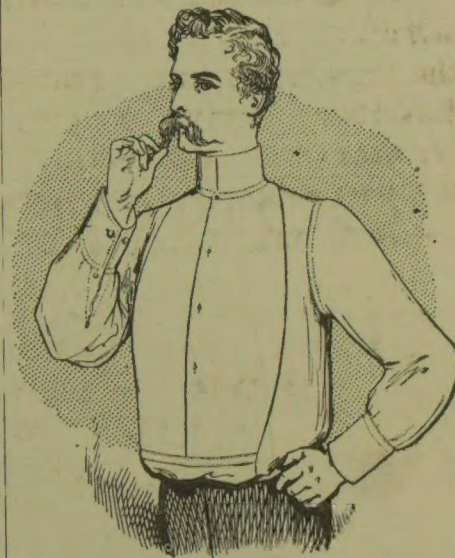
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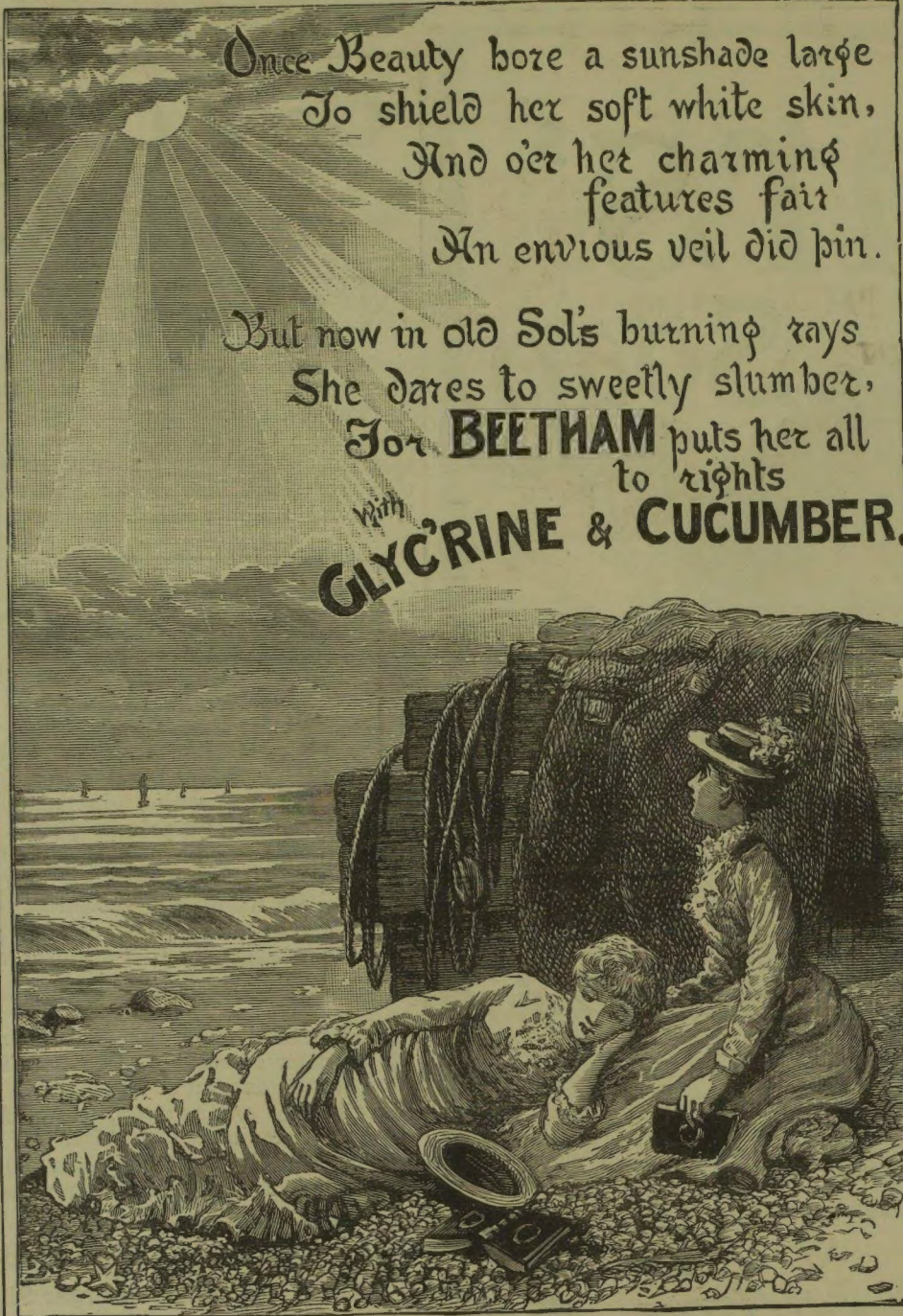
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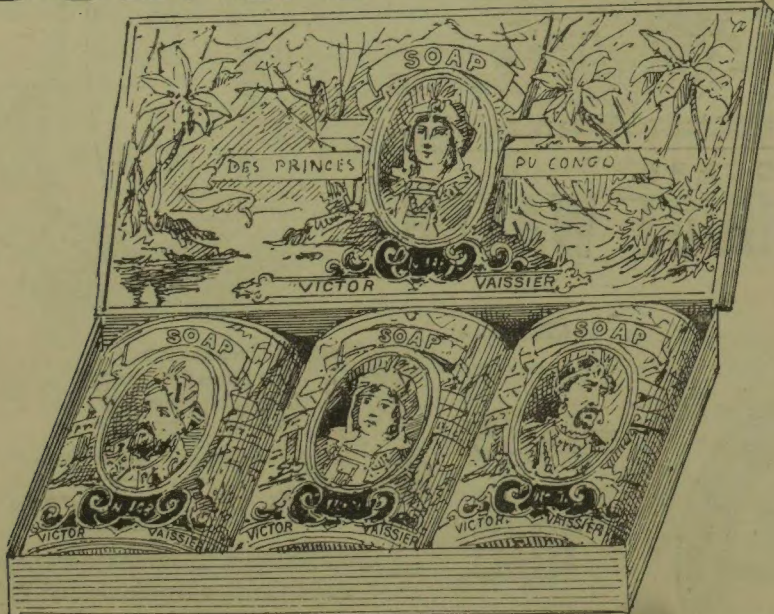
PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—The Orient Company's Steamships CHIMBORAZO (3847 tons) and GARONNE (3876 tons) will make a series of Trips to Norway during the season, visiting the finest Fjords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later:—  
JULY 23, for 27 days. AUG. 8, for 21 days.  
The Steamers will be navigated through the "Inner lead"—i.e., inside the fringe of Islands off the coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; the steamer leaving July 23 will proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above the horizon at Midnight. The Chimborazo and Garonne are fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.  
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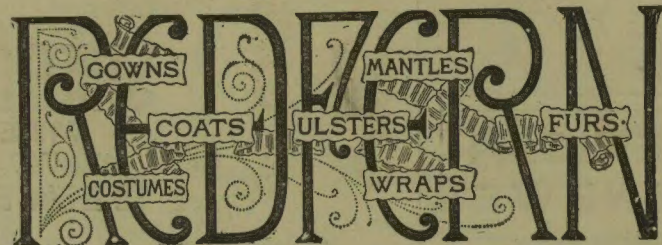
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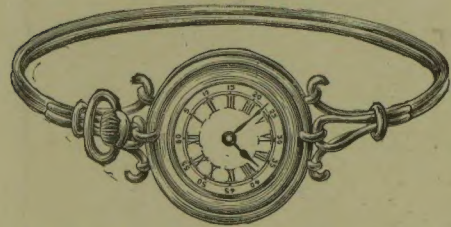
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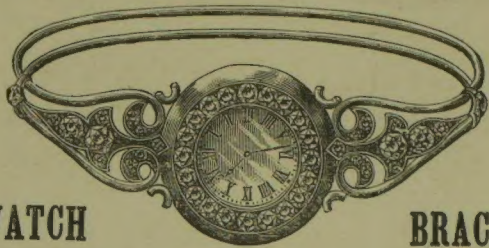
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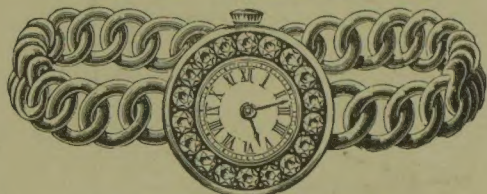
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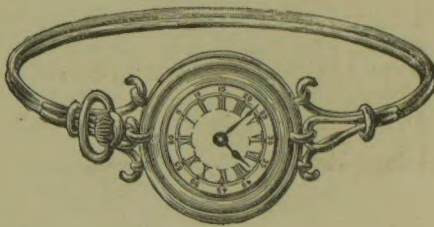
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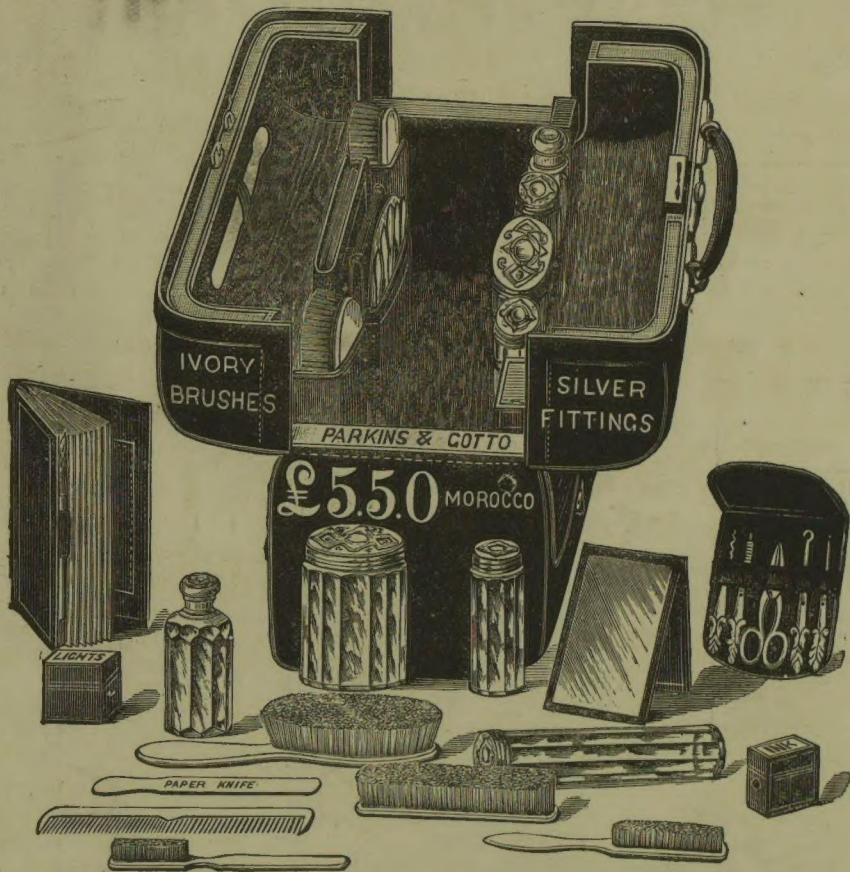


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